TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

We present our Subscribers this month with a fine Portrait of his Serene Highness Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, *which we have no doubt will be a most welcome accompaniment to the Biographical Anecdotes of that illustrious character given in our last Number, to which, when the volume is complete, the engraving will of course be removed by the binder.*

Celinda, Solomon Sapient, *and our* Paris *correspondent, shall have an early place.*

We regret that any personality should have been discovered by Arabella, *where we assure her none was intended.*

The approbation which several of our correspondents are pleased to bestow on the New Series *of the* Repository, *is highly gratifying, and will stimulate us to increased exertion to deserve their good opinion.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Serjeant, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

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[library stamp]

FINE ARTS.

ARCHITECTURAL HINTS.

PLATE 7.—A GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

ALTHOUGH the annexed design was made expressly for the residence of the gardener of a nobleman's establishment, it is quite applicable to the purpose of a lodge; and if a little simplified in point of embellishment, would also be proper for the cottage of the husbandman: in each of these applications it would afford convenience and comfort, and might receive suitable enrichment by the plantations which should surround the two former, or by the more free and open scenery suitable to the latter. The cottage of the gardener, in very many instances, is considered to be a legitimate embellishment of the grounds, being very properly situated near the forcing and succession-houses, that they may receive the attendance of the chief gardener, and with as short intervals as occasion requires; and if he take pride in the decoration of his abode, he has the means of embowering it with shrubs, creepers, and flowering plants, by which he may render it highly interesting, provided the design is favourable, and the situation appropriate to its object.

This building is proposed to be thatched with reeds, as the most rural and picturesque covering; the brown tints of its surface oppose the various greens of the foliage by which it is accompanied, and give a neatness of effect that is very prepossessing, which may be improved by the colour given to the walls, should they be built of materials that do not harmonize with them. For the covering of such walls rough-cast is very proper, which is plastering finished by a coat of lime mixed with small stones about the size of a pea or small bean, and splashed upon it before the plastering is yet dry; or by paretta work, so called from the French *paroître*, to appear, to be seen—or from the Italian *paretta*, a small net; as in this case the plastering has pebbles of a larger size pressed all over it, and which are not afterwards covered by lime, wash, or colour, but exhibit their

own surfaces, and the whole becomes enriched by the white reticulation of the plastering in which they are set. The colours of the pebbles should be selected with taste, as much of the beauty of the whole will depend on their fitness to harmonize with those hues by which they are surrounded.

Notwithstanding cottages of this description are built with brick, yet as the complexion of them is at variance with the green tints of the scenery, particularly if they are the red wood-burned bricks of the country, the coverings before named are usually adopted for small decorative buildings, such as the dairy, dovecote, ice-well, or bath; and for this purpose also a finishing of a very novel and fanciful effect is produced by a sort of rough-cast composed of coarse sand and small pebbles of various sizes, mixed up with Roman cement, and diluted to the consistency of common rough-cast, and thrown upon the walls in larger quantities than is usual: this is suffered to take the irregular and projecting forms of *stalactitæ*, those concretions resembling icicles that are frequently found in natural grottoes; and they may be coloured afterwards by tints representing them, or by others that seem to mark a lapse of time: this has hitherto been practised only in two instances.

ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW.

No. VII.

THE NEW STREET AND BUILDINGS NEAR CARLTON-HOUSE.

The proposed new street from Carlton-House northward to Portland-Place has made some progress at both these extremities. In the immediate neighbourhood of the former, the arrangements promise to form a very picturesque and rich embellishment to that part of the town, which being so intimately connected with the royal palaces of St. James and Carlton-House, might be expected to aspire to a higher claim of architectural distinction than it has hitherto possessed. The Ionic building already erected, and which, according to the plans, is to be repeated on the opposite side of the new street, is highly creditable to the architect; the authorities are well selected, judiciously applied, and the balustrade above the colonnades is well adapted to the concealment of the roof, strictly architectural, and highly beneficial to the contour of the building.

This design promises to produce, by the projecting colonnades of this and the centre buildings, a never-ceasing variation of light and shade, that will be highly pictorial, and form a striking relief to the other houses in the neighbourhood. The parts of this building are composed with reference to ancient documents, although not strictly copied, nor indeed intended to be so: they are in good proportion, but the subordinate parts, such as the architraves, archivolts, and cornices to the doors and windows, are scarcely of corresponding dimensions; an error originating some years ago, when the extreme of what was termed "lightness" was cultivated in architecture with the ex-

cess that usually accompanies every change in the theory of art, but which should be remedied by the better knowledge and improved taste of the present times. As these buildings are yet in a very early stage of progress, further observations upon their architectural merits would be premature, except that they are well calculated to obviate some of the objections that have been made to the screen in front of Carlton-House; which indeed has not escaped the severities of criticism, without receiving the due mixture of approbation that in several points it has fair claim to.

If we view this substitute for a screen-wall, and it really is so, as an architectural separation of the court of the mansion from the street, surely it will be granted, that to be thus open is superior in point of beauty, particularly as it is situated, to such close and continued walls as those of Burlington-House, Harcourt-House, the Admiralty, or the British Museum. Had it been of this inclosed kind, however ornamented by architectural beauty, yet being on the south-east side of the street, and consequently deprived of the sun's rays on the side next to Pall-Mall, it must have thrown a gloom over that part of it which no effort of art could have made cheerful, and no judgment could have tolerated. The façade of Burlington-House is semicircular on its north-western aspect, and it was erected for the purpose of obtaining an ornamental embellishment to the fore court, at a very great expense: its form is most judiciously contrived, because the extremities receive, by their approach to other aspects, as much of the sun's rays as the intervening part of the edifice will permit. Soon after its erection, its noble architect, Lord Burlington, was highly complimented upon it by one of the first wits of our country; but being aware that its beauties were not fully manifested at all times of the day, he took especial care to remark, that the period of his admiration was early in the morning, when viewing it from his bed-room window, and when its noble possessor was asleep. The screen of Carlton-House is said to have originated from this model, but was of necessity designed upon a plan deviating very little from a straight line on both its elevations, for the ground of the fore court is of very limited dimensions; and it was then concluded, that the the street was not wide enough to allow a further projection. A screen was, however, considered to be necessary, not more for the common uses of such separations, than in consequence of the impossibility of obtaining otherwise that relief to the front of Carlton-House, always in shadow, that was desirable both for its splendour and palace-like pretensions. To produce this effect, such an open screen is applicable; for the round pillars receive the sun's rays upon so much of their surfaces, that they produce a cheerfulness, at all times of the day, that is greatly embellishing to Pall-Mall; and when seen from the portico of Carlton-House, with the full effect of the sun upon it, it certainly possesses many beauties, although it has not the means of effecting great depth of shadow; and it may be applauded for em-

bracing in this point of view, in every hour of the day, many of the graces which the façade at Burlington-House was eulogized for displaying chiefly at the early hour at which some poets and most philosophers choose to rise in the morning.

Some hints have been given out, that it is proposed to remove the screen, and on this account perhaps so much is said in advocation of its merits: it is not, however, here maintained, that a subject may not be devised of much greater beauty, but it ought to embrace all the advantages that the present façade possesses, both as a decoration to the street and as a cheerful appendage to the mansion. The order of this screen, which is the Grecian Ionic, is judiciously adopted from a fine example of antiquity; the proportions are good, and if the design were completed according to the original intention, the effect would be greatly improved; as it would also by removing the tripods which too frequently repeat the upright lines of the pillars, and by the substitution of other forms more in harmony with the prevailing features of the building.

Of several letters received from correspondents on the subject of this paper, the following are selected and presented to our readers.

SIR,—It is not possible to view with indifference the improvements of the metropolis that have taken place in a very few years, and which are now proceeding in several parts of the town: for, notwithstanding the apathy that long existed towards our architectural works, and a too willing submission to the sarcasm of our continental neighbours, that the climate was inauspicious to the cultivation of art, I agree with you, that an era has arrived in which public feeling has joined issue with the research and talent of our own artists.

The affectation of superior taste for *virtu*, which in the would-be connoisseur was supported by a scornful disregard for native, and indeed for modern, art, is found to be not quite so successful as heretofore: better taste and a more general knowledge have made useless this easy and plausible appropriation of the honours belonging to true feeling, and have nearly abolished this specious system of self-adulation, so often supported at a sacrifice of the character of the country.

The criticisms that were judicious half a century ago are so no longer; foreigners are found to pay tributes of admiration to our works; and if we ourselves revert to them, unbiassed by the prejudices of early times, matter will be found on which to congratulate ourselves, and to encourage us to pursue with zeal and confidence that object, which our political economy, our wealth and interest, are so well calculated to foster and promote; and it must be agreeable to every lover of the arts, to find the following sentiments entertained by the legislature of the country, and which are thus expressed in the report from the select committee of the House of Commons on the Earl of Elgin's collection of sculptured marbles:—

"Your committee cannot dismiss this interesting subject, without

submitting to the attentive reflection of the House, how highly the cultivation of the fine arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity of every government by which they have been encouraged, and how intimately they are connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy. In contemplating the importance and splendour to which so small a republic as Athens rose, by the genius and energy of her citizens exerted in the path of such studies, it is impossible to overlook, how transient the memory and fame of extended empires and of mighty conquerors are, in comparison of those who have rendered inconsiderable states eminent, and immortalized their own names by these pursuits. But if it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talent, to the maturing of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than our own to afford an honourable asylum to these monuments of the school of Phidias, and of the administration of Pericles; where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve, in return, as models and examples to those, who, by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn first to imitate, and ultimately to rival them."

If the above observations and extract are suitable to the Architectural Review, I am happy to subscribe them to its useful object.

AMATEUR.

SIR,—Your observations on the differences between the Grecian and Roman orders of architecture have led me to reflect on the subject; and as there are yet some not noticed by you in the fifth number of the Review, I beg leave to suggest the propriety of noticing them in a future paper. The peculiar features of the Doric order are the triglyphs, and the consequent arrangement of the metopes. The triglyphs, representing the ends of timbers, or transverse blocks of stone, are, in the Roman order, placed centrally over every column, and the intervals between the columns are thus rendered equal, if so desired, marking a clear distinction from the Greek arrangement, which has the triglyphs at the angles of the building, placed quite at the extremity of the frieze, so that the metopes next to them in order, to preserve a regular intercolumniation, must be longer than the other metopes by half the width of one of them, otherwise the uniformity of interval must be sacrificed, and the columns at the corners be placed so much closer together. In this particular, I presume the Roman arrangement to be superior to that of the Greeks. Not so with the architrave of the Grecian Doric order, which is about the same height as the frieze; and taking the whole entablature, consisting of architrave, frieze, and cornice, to be two diameters of the column in height, the epistylium and frieze will each occupy three-quarters of a diameter, and the

cornice half a diameter. This proportion makes the architrave to be of a substance that is apparently fully equal to bear the superincumbent weight of the triglyphs, or beam-ends: whereas the architrave of the Roman Doric order, being usually less than half a diameter high, seems to be too weak to support its own weight, and is consequently overcharged by the weight above it. The effect of this is very painful to a correct eye.

The abacus, or covering of the capital of the column, being quite plain in the Greek, and ornamented by mouldings in the Roman model, presents a decided difference of character; and this is more evident in the form of the echynus or ovolo, and the annulets or fillets beneath them. B. B.

It is requested, that correspondence addressed to the writer of this article, may be forwarded before the end of the current month.

CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY OF THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from p. 12.)

ARCHITECTS; PERIOD IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED; PRINCIPAL WORKS AND MERITS.

Baccio Pintelli, of Florence, 1450. Church and convent of S. Maria del Popolo, at Rome. The celebrated Capella Sistina in the Vatican. The hospital of S. Spirito in Sassia, Ponte Sisto, and the church of S. Pietro in Vinculis, at Rome. He first set the example of grandeur in the architecture of chapels.

Bartolomeo Bramantino, of Italy, 1450. The church of S. Satyrus, at Milan. Many other buildings in various cities of Italy.

Giovanni del Pozzo, of Spain, 1450. The Dominican convent, and a great bridge over the river Huecar, near Cuenza.

Francesco di Giorgio, of Siena, 1450. The ducal palace at Urbino.

Ridolfo Fioravanti, of Bologna, 1450. He restored the hanging tower of the church of S. Biagio, at Cento, to its perpendicular position, and built many churches at Moscow.

Bramante Lazzari, of Castel Durante, near Urbino, 1470. He first designed and commenced the building of St. Peter's, at Rome. He executed many works in the Vatican, the Rotunda in the convent of S. Pietro Montorio, at Rome; the Julia street in that city; the ducal palace at Urbino; a detached circular temple near Todi; and designed many plans for other edifices. He manifested a decided predilection for the ancient Greek style.

Ventura Vitoni, of Pistoja, 1470. The church dell Umiltà, at Pistoja.

Francesco Giamberti, of Florence, 1470. He designed numerous plans for buildings at Florence and Rome, but was chiefly remarkable for a work composed by him, containing many drawings of ancient monuments about Rome and in Greece, upon parchment, which is preserved in the Barberini library at Rome, and has never been published.

Giuliano di Sangallo, son of Giamberti, of Florence, 1490. The Carmelite convent at Florence. A palace at Cajano, for Lorenzo di Medicis. The convent of the hermits of St. Augustin, before the gate of S. Gallo, at Florence. Cupola of the church della Madonna, at Loreto. Restoration of the roof of the church of S. Maria Maggiore, at Rome. The

Palazzo Rovere, near S. Pietro in Vinculis, at Rome. The Palazzo Rovere, at Savona. The fortress and gate of S. Marco, at Pisa. Many other palaces. He was eminent for his skill in the modern style of fortification.

Leonardo da Vinci, of Castello da Vinci, near Florence, 1490. The aqueduct of the Adda, at Milan, under Ludovico Sforza, the Moor. The navigable canal di Mortesana, in the valleys of the Valtelin. Various machines, plans, and works on architecture.

Simone Pallajolo, of Florence, 1490. Façade of the Palazzo Strozzi, at Florence. Church of St. Francis, at S. Miniato, near Florence, called by Michael Angelo *La Bella Villanella*. Convent of the Servites, at Florence. Sacristy of S. Spirito, at Florence. His style displayed great taste.

Andrea Contucci, of Monte Sansovino, 1490. The beautiful chapel del Sagramento in S. Spirito, at Florence. Many buildings in Portugal.

Baccio d'Agnolo, of Florence, 1500. The beautiful steeple of S. Spirito, at Florence. A steeple at Majaro. The Palazzo Bartolini, at Florence.

Novello da San Lucano, of Naples, 1500. The palace of Prince Robert Sanseverino, Duke of Salerno, at Naples.

Raffaello d'Urbino, of Urbino, 1500. Continuation of the cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome, after the death of Bramante. Façade of the church of S. Lorenzo, and of the Palazzo Uggoccioni, now Pandolfini, at Florence. The Palazzo Caffarelli, now Stoppani, at Rome. Subordinate buildings of the Farnesina in the same city. Several other buildings. Tasteful style.

Gabriello d'Agnolo, of Naples, 1500. Church of S. Giuseppe, church of S. Maria Egiziaca, palace of Duke Gravina, at Naples.

Gian Francesco Normando, of Florence, 1500. Church of S. Severino, Palazzo Filomarini. Palazzo Cantalupo in the Posilipo, at Naples. Several buildings in Spain.

Antonio Fiorentino, of Florence, 1500. Church of S. Catherine, with a cupola, which is said to have been the first erected upon a large scale at Naples.

Baldassare Peruzzi, of Volterra, 1500. Plan and model of the cathedral di Carpi, at Bologna. Fortifications at Siena. The Farnesina in the Longara, the Palazzo Massimi, and the tomb of Pope Hadrian VI. in the church dell' Anima, at Rome. He assisted in the erection of St. Peter's in that city, and was distinguished for a tasteful style.

Fra Giocondo, of Verona, 1500. Many bridges, especially that of Notre Dame, at Paris. He was engaged in the erection of St. Peter's, at Rome, after the death of Bramante.

Pietro Lombardo, of Venice, 1500. Tomb of Dante, the poet, in the church of St. Francis, at Ravenna, by command of Cardinal Bembo. Churches of S. Paolo, S. Giovanni, S. Maria Mater Domini, and clock-tower in the square of St. Mark, at Venice.

Martino Lombardo, of Venice, 1500. The Confraternità of S. Marco, at Venice.

Bartolemeo Buono, of Bergamo, 1500. Church of S. Rocco, and the Procuratoreria Vecchia, at Venice.

Antonio Sangallo, of Mugello, near Florence, 1500. The church of the Madona di Loreto, near Trajan's pillar, and the Palazzo of the Conte Palma, at Rome. The fortifications of Civita Vecchia. The fortifications of Parma, Ancona, and many other strong places in Italy. Triumphal arch in the square of St. Mark, at Venice. He commenced the building of the Palazzo Farnese at Rome, and assisted in the works at St. Peter's till 1546. He displayed great perfection in all the parts of the style

adopted in modern architecture, and combined grandeur with good taste and solidity.

Sante Lombardo, of Venice, 1520. The Palazzo Vendramini, staircase and façade of the school of S. Rocco, at Venice.

Guglielmo Bergamasco, of Bergamo, 1520. The Capella Emiliana of the Camaldulenses, at Murano. The Palazzo de Camerlinghi on the Rialto, at Venice. Palace at Portogruato, in the Friul. The admirable gate called Il Portello, at Padua.

Giovanni Maria Falconetto, of Verona, 1520. The church della Madona delle Grazie, for the Dominicans, at Padua. A palace in the Castel d'Usopo, in the Friul. The Palazzo Cornaro, at Padua.

Girolamo Genga, of Urbino, 1530. A palace for the Duke of Urbino, at Pesaro. Façade of the cathedral at Mantua.

Michelo Sanmicheli, of Verona, 1520. Cathedral of Monte Fiascone. The celebrated church of St. Dominic, at Orvieto. A great number of fortresses in the Venetian territory, in Corfu, Lombardy, and the Ecclesiastical State. Many palaces at Verona, the principal of which are the following five: Canossa, Bevilacqua, Pellegrini, Verzi, and the Præfecture. Many gates at Verona, of which that del Pallio is the most celebrated. He was an artist of great merit, and distinguished for his improvements in fortification.

Michelangelo Bonarotti, of Florence, 1520. The library of the Medicis, at Florence. The second sacristy of Lorenzo, at the same place. Fortifications at Florence and at St. Miniato. Monument of Julius II. in the church of S. Pietro in Vinculis, at Rome. Palace of the Conservators, and flight of steps in the Capitol, at Rome. Continuation of the Farnese palace, and several gates at Rome, among which the Porta Pia deserves particular mention. The steeple of S. Michele, at Ostia. The tower of S. Lorenzo, at Ardea. The church of S. Maria in the Certosa, at Rome. Many plans of churches, chapels, and palaces; among others, that of the Capella Strozzi, at Florence, and the Sapienza, at Rome. After the death of Sangallo, he was engaged in prosecuting the works of St. Peter's, at Rome, especially that part which supports the cupola. His chief merits were grandeur, boldness, beauty, and solidity.

Mastro Filippo, of Spain, 1520. Restoration of the celebrated cathedral of Seville.

Giovanni di Ololzaga, of Biscay, 1520. Cathedral of Huesca, in Arragon. He blended the modern Greek style with the Gothic.

Pietro di Gumiel, of Spain, 1520. Convent of S. Engracia, at Saragossa. College of Alcala, in the Gothico-Greek style.

Giovanni Alonso, of Spain, 1520. Celebrated sanctuary of Guadelupe.

Fra Giovanni d'Escobedo, of Spain, 1520. Grand aqueduct of Segovia, constructed by order of Queen Isabella—the first celebrated aqueduct of modern times.

Giovanni Campero, of Spain, 1520. Church and convent of St. Francis, at Fordelaguna, erected by command of Cardinal Ximenes. Gloomy style.

Marco di Pino, of Siena, 1530. Church and convent of Gesu Vecchio, at Naples.

Andrea Brioso, of Padua, 1530. Beautiful church of St. Giustina, at Padua.

Alessandro Bassano, of Bassano, 1530. Council-house in the Piazza de Signori, at Padua.

Ferdinando Manlio, of Naples, 1530. Church of the Nunziata; several streets and palaces at Naples.

Giulio Pippi, surnamed Romano, of Rome, 1530. Villa Madama, Casino

Lante, church della Madona del Orto, Palazzo Cicciaporci, Palazzo Cenci, at Rome. The celebrated Palazzo T. at Mantua; the palace at Marmirolo, near Mantua; besides many other buildings in that city. Façade of S. Petronio, at Bologna. His style was highly cheerful and pleasing.

Jacobo Tatti, surnamed Sansovino, of Florence, 1530. Church of S. Marcello, and the Palazzo Nicolini, at Rome. Church of S. Francesco della Vigna, the Mint, library of St. Mark, and the Palazzo Cornari, at Venice. Beautiful church of San Fantino, church of San Geminiano, with many other buildings there. He displayed a remarkably pure taste in the Lombard style.

Giovanni Merliano, of Nola, 1530. Street of Toledo, church of the Genoese, church of the Spaniards, plan of the palace of San Severo, and of the palace of the Duca della Torre, at Naples.

Giovanni Gil de Hontanon, of Spain, 1530. Plan of the cathedral of Salamanca.

Rodrigo Gil de Hontanon, of Spain, 1540. He superintended the erection of the cathedral of Salamanca. The cathedral of Segovia.

Pietro de Uria, of Spain, 1540. The celebrated bridge of Almaraz over the Tagus.

Alonso de Cobarrubias, of Spain, 1540. Repair of the church of Toledo, erected in 587, during the reign of King Reccaredo. Façade of the Alcaziar, in the same city. Convent and church of St. Michael, at Valenza.

Diego Siloe, of Toledo, 1540. The cathedral and Alcaziar at Granada. The church and convent of St. Jerome, in the same city.

Damiano Forment, of Valenza, 1550. Façade of the church of S. Engracia, at Saragossa.

Martino de Gainza, of Spain, 1550. The magnificent chapel royal at Seville.

Alonso Berruguete, of Parades, near Valladolid, 1550. Plan of the former royal palace at Madrid. Gate of S. Martino, at Toledo. Palace of Alcala, in that city. He assisted in the erection of the cathedral of Cuenza.

Pietro de Valdevira, of Valdevira, 1550. The remarkably beautiful chapel of S. Salvator at Ubeda, and likewise a palace in the same place. The hospital and chapel of S. Jago, at Baeza.

Pietro Ezguerra, of Ojebar, near Perayas, 1550. Cathedral of Plasencia. Church of S. Matteo de Caceres. Church of Malpartida.

Ferdinando Ruiz, of Cordova, 1550. He heightened the great steeple of the cathedral of Seville, called the Torre della Giralda.

Machuca, of Spain, 1550. Royal palace at Granada.

Domenico Teotocopoli, of Greece, 1560. College of the Donna Maria d'Aragona, at Madrid. Church and convent of the Dominican nuns, and likewise the Ayuntamiento, at Toledo. Church and convent of the Bernardine nuns, at Silos. Gloomy style.

Garzia d'Emere, of Spain, 1560. Parochial church of Valera, near Cuenza.

Bartolomeo di Bustamente, of Spain, 1560. Hospital of St. John the Baptist, near Toledo.

Giovanbattista di Toledo, of Toledo, 1560. The celebrated palace of the Escurial was built after his designs. He assisted in planning the street of Toledo at Naples; the church of St. Jago, belonging to the Spaniards; and a palace at Posilipo, in the same city. The Escurial was the first palace upon an extensive scale in Europe.

Giovanni d'Herrera, of Movellar, in Asturia, 1570. He continued the Escurial after the death of his master Giovanbattista. Plan of the church of St. Jago, near Cuenza. Bridge of Segovia, at Madrid. The palace of Aranjuez.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC COMMONPLACE-BOOK;

Containing authentic Receipts and miscellaneous Information in every Branch of Domestic Economy, and of general Utility.

ON THE LOSS OF WEIGHT WHICH TAKES PLACE IN THE COOKING OF MEAT, BOTH BOILED AND ROASTED.

In whatever way the flesh of animals is cooked as an article of food, a considerable diminution takes place in its weight. It is singular, that no experiments have been made for the benefit of the public on this subject, for it is evident they would be of use to the frugal housekeeper and the public at large. The following experiments were made in a public establishment; they were undertaken not from mere curiosity, but to serve a purpose of practical utility. They evidently show, that the loss of weight is smaller in the boiling of meat, than it is in roasting it; and independent of this smaller loss of weight in boiling, it must be observed, that the animal jelly and juices of the meat are also rendered edible in the broth furnished at the same time, by the addition of a few vegetables, rice, barley, &c.: whereas in the roasting, broiling, and baking of meat, these are evaporated into the air, and consequently lost. Whether roasted or boiled meat is more nutritious, is a question on which I cannot speak: my medical friends believe, that boiled animal food is more nutritious than such as is roasted, broiled, or baked. The following are the results of the experiments:—

28 Pieces of beef, weighing 280*lbs.* lost in boiling 73*lbs.* 14*oz.* or 26½ per cent.

19 Pieces of beef, weighing 190*lbs.* lost in roasting 61*lbs.* 2*oz.* or 32 per cent.

9 Pieces of beef, weighing 90*lbs.* lost in baking 27*lbs.* or 30 per cent.

27 Legs of mutton, weighing 260*lbs.* lost in boiling, and by having the shank bones taken away, 62*lbs.* 4*oz.* The shank bones were estimated at 4*oz.* each, so that the real loss by the boiling was 55*lbs.* 8*oz.* or 21⅓ per cent.

19 Loins of mutton, weighing 141*lbs.* lost in roasting 49*lbs.* 14*oz.* or 35½ per cent.

10 Necks of mutton, weighing 100*lbs.* lost in roasting 32*lbs.* 6*oz.* or 32⅓ per cent.

It is therefore more economical, upon the whole, to boil than to roast meat; but in whatever way meat is prepared for the table, there is lost from ⅕ to ⅓ of its weight.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING GOOSEBERRY WINE.

In laying before our readers a receipt for making gooseberry wine, to fulfil the promise we made on a former occasion (see *Repository*, No. II. page 73), we do not presume to say that this is the very same receipt that was possessed by the wife of the Vicar of Wakefield; but we have no doubt it will produce a beverage nearly as good, though it may not be equally fortunate in obtaining another Goldsmith to immortalize its excellence. The method of making the wine is as follows:—

Put to every two quarts of full

ripe gooseberries, mashed, an equal quantity of milk-warm water, in which has been previously dissolved 1*lb*. of common loaf sugar; let the whole be well stirred together, and cover up with a blanket the tub or pan in which the mixture is put to ferment partially. When it has remained in the tub three or four days, with frequent stirring, strain the ingredients, first through a sieve, then through a coarse cloth, and afterwards put it into a cask, which should be kept full where it is suffered to ferment, from ten days to a fortnight. At the end of this period, add two or three bottles of brandy to every gallon of the wine; and before the cask is bunged up, put into it also a little isinglass (about 1*oz*. to nine gallons of the wine), previously dissolved in water. In a fortnight, if clear at the top, it may be tasted, and more refined sugar added if not sweet enough. After being six months in the cask, it may be bottled; but the sooner it is bottled after being quite fine, the more it will sparkle and resemble champaign.

Currant wine may be made in a like manner. Brown sugar always gives to home-made wines a particularly treacly taste; and the practice of taking unripe gooseberries (as frequently recommended), instead of the ripe fruit, is a bad one, the absurdity of which might easily be proved chemically. In making this remark, we do not mean to deny that excellent wine may be made from unripe gooseberries; but in that case a much larger proportion of sugar is required, than if the fruit be employed in a state of maturity.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WHEATEN FLOUR, WHEN APPLIED FOR THE PURPOSES OF STIFFENING MUSLINS, CALICOES, AND OTHER STUFFS.

From some experiments made in the manufactories of linens in Prussia, and particularly at Erfurth, in Saxony, to discover a substitute for wheaten flour to stiffen muslins, &c. it has been found, that the *farina*, or flour, of the Canary seed (*Phalaris Canariensis*), is far superior to wheaten flour in the stiffening of fine cambrics or muslins; because it renders the threads extremely pliable, and imparts to them the capability of retaining a minute portion of moisture, the absence of which renders the thread brittle; and which, in summer particularly, is a material obstacle in the business of the cambric and muslin-weaver. The warp is likewise rendered more tender, and the thread possessing greater pliability, enables the workman to make the tissue more close and uniform, and of a better quality.

The flour of the seed is obtained by simply bruising the Canary seed, and it may be used in a few days after its preparation: whereas the common wheaten flour paste requires to be fermented to a certain degree. And although the price of the Canary seed flour surpasses that of the flour of wheat, this difference is compensated by the time which the workman gains in manufacturing a certain quantity of goods in a given period, and also by the superiority of the manufactured article. It is needless to state, that the Canary seed grass thrives well in this country.

NEW METHOD OF JAPANNING LEATHER.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I take the liberty of forwarding to you a description of the new method of japanning leather which has of late been practised in this metropolis, by a native of Germany, from whose country this process is said to be imported; and as the articles are extremely beautiful, and are rendered by the process under consideration impervious to wet, without losing pliability, I have reason to believe you will allow these lines a corner in your *Repository*. I am, &c.

A. E. AROLF.

White Japan.

This japan, which never changes its colour, and which absolutely withstands all the chemical agents that blacken other white pigments used in japanning, is obtained in the following manner:—

Let some artificial carbonate of barytes (obtained by decomposing, or pouring into a solution of native carbonate of barytes, a saturated solution of subcarbonate of ammonia), be ground up with a sufficient quantity of white oil varnish, and apply it successively upon the leather. This being done, the finishing coats are given to the article with a japan composed of carbonate of barytes ground up with white copal varnish, and when perfectly dry, the leather is polished with a piece of felt and finely levigated pumice-stone powder, and the last or finishing polish is applied by means of a sponge or soft brush and burnt hartshorn powder.

Yellow Japan.

To obtain a clear transparent yellow, the leather must of course be white, and a yellow dye is given to it by means of woad, or French berries, and alum; and when perfectly dry, the japan ground of patent yellow is applied, in the manner stated above.

Red Japan.

For this purpose, the base of the japan ground must be made up with madder lake, ground up with oil of turpentine; this forms the first ground. When perfectly dry, a second coat must be applied, composed of lake and white copal varnish; and the last, with a coat composed of a mixture of copal and turpentine varnish ground up with lake.

Blue Japan.

The first coat must be given with artificial carbonate of barytes ground up with oil varnish; the second with Prussian blue, ground in copal varnish, and finished as before stated.

Black Japan

is obtained by applying finely levigated ivory-black ground up with linseed oil varnish; the second coat must consist of the same pigment ground up in copal varnish.

PROCESS OF BLEACHING OLD BOOKS AND COPPER-PLATE PRINTS WHICH ARE BECOME YELLOW BY AGE, SMOKE, &c.

The process now practised for bleaching these articles is as follows:—Take off the binding of the book, unsew the book and separate the leaves, place them in a shallow leaden pan, with slips of common window-glass interposed between them, so that the leaves lie horizontally without touching each other. Or a still better method is the following:—Make a wooden

frame of about the size of the leaves to be bleached, and having placed upon it the slips of glass, let the leaves be placed upon the glass perpendicularly, about a line distant from each other. This being done, pour into the vessel the bleaching liquid, which is made by dissolving one part by weight of oxymurate of lime in four parts of warm water, and suffer the articles to be immersed in it for twenty-four hours: it may then be rinsed in soft water. By this process the paper will acquire a whiteness superior to what it originally possessed. All ink-spots, if any were present, will be removed; but oil and grease spots are not effaced by it.—Copper-plate prints bleach more easily than letter-press.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES.

COUNT ARANDA.

THIS nobleman filled, for a considerable time, the situation of Spanish ambassador at the court of France during the reign of Louis XVI.: before he was appointed to that situation, he had been prime minister of Spain. He was highly respected for his integrity and understanding, but his total want of vivacity, and true Castilian taciturnity and *hauteur*, prevented his being a favourite with the Parisians. He possessed, however, all the qualities necessary to constitute a good diplomatist; and it might be said of him in his character of ambassador, as was said of Louis the Fourteenth, "that no man ever played his part better." Count Aranda was charged with the difficult and dangerous measure of expelling the Jesuits from all parts of the Spanish dominions, and precisely at the same day and hour all the convents were shut up. In order to insure the success of this measure, the most profound secrecy was absolutely necessary, because the Jesuits had friends every where; and had any thing transpired, the plan must have miscarried, or at least have caused some dangerous commotions. The count's address in this affair was much admired in France. A loquacious *petit-maitre* one day complimented him upon it, and begged particularly to know how he managed to transact the business with such perfect secrecy. "One means," replied he gravely, "was, by never speaking about it."

He had a habit of ending his phrases with these words, "You comprehend me;" which sometimes produced a very ludicrous effect. One day, when he was playing at pharo at the Princess de Lamballe's, the banker, thinking that he had made a mistake, refused to pay him a game which he had won. The count supported his pretensions for some time with all his Castilian *hauteur*, but finding the banker continued obstinate in his refusal to pay him, *M. l'Ambassadeur*, forgetful of his dignity, seized the chandelier which was in the middle of the table, and exclaimed in a great rage, "This is a candle-

stick, you comprehend; and I am just going to throw it at your head, you comprehend!" The banker did *comprehend* him so perfectly, that he ran out of the room, and it was with difficulty that he was persuaded to return.

Although the count had accustomed himself to use this phrase for years, he was at last corrected of it by a cutting joke of Madame de Beauveau, who placed it in so ludicrous a light, that the count, struck with the ridicule to which he exposed himself, immediately made a resolution, to which he strictly adhered, never to use it again.

M. DE BOUGAINVILLE.

THIS gentleman was one of the aides-de-camp to General the Marquis de Levis during the war in Canada; and at the attack of Ticonderago he was struck in the heat of the action on the forehead by a ball, which knocked him down.—An officer, who saw him fall, exclaimed to M. de Levis, who was at a little distance, "Ah, my God, poor Bougainville is killed!" The general was much attached to Bougainville, but at that moment durst not give way to his feelings, lest he should intimidate his men, and coolly replied, "Well, he will be buried to-morrow with many others." The aide-de-camp was only stunned by the blow, and he heard distinctly what passed; his passion restored him to speech, and, springing upon his legs, he cried out in a reproachful tone, "It seems, general, that you would be easily consoled for my death; but, however, I shall not give you the trouble to bury me this time."

MISCELLANIES.

THE BAZAAR OF BEAUTY.

A FRIEND of mine enumerated to me the other day, the number of Bazaars which have been opened in all parts of the town during the few last months; and from thence he digressed to the ill consequences which might result to trade from such a number of cheap establishments, all anxious no doubt to undersell the regular shopkeeper. As the subject is not a very sprightly one, and my friend's discourse is rather of a soporific nature in general, I had great difficulty in keeping myself awake during his harangue; and I rejoiced heartily when, at its conclusion, he fortunately recollected an engagement which obliged him to leave me. I waited only till he was out of the room before I gave way to the drowsiness I was oppressed with, and I soon sank into a slumber, during which I had the following dream.

I fancied myself standing opposite to a spacious building, over the door of which was written in large characters, BAZAAR OF BEAUTY. A number of men of all ages and descriptions were pressing into

the entrance, but I did not observe a single female amongst the crowd. At the door stood a plain-looking man, whose dress was rather in the Quaker style, whom I supposed to be the porter. I perceived him accost several as they entered, but each appeared to turn from him with apparent disregard: he advanced towards me as I approached, and saying, that if my visit to the Bazaar proceeded, as he supposed it did, from an intention to take a wife from it, he would attend me through it, as he could be useful in advising me respecting the purchase of any of the lots set up for sale. Having seen him rejected by so many, I was upon the point of refusing his offer, but upon looking closely at him, I recognised my old friend *Caution*, with whom I must own I have not latterly been intimate; and I gratefully accepted his attendance.

When I entered the Bazaar, I saw that in some respects it was different from any of the others which I had seen: the shops, instead of being all of the same size, were some large and others very small; but I observed that they were filled with ladies, some fantastically, some neatly, and some elegantly dressed; each of whom had a ticket round her neck, on which, as my guide informed me, her price was inscribed.

Perceiving a number of purchasers at a shop near the door, I stopped to examine the fair ones round whom they were so eagerly crowding; and I found their charms so great, that I was beginning to inquire whether one of the prettiest lots would come within the compass of my purse; but I made a hasty retreat, when *Caution* pinching my arm, whispered me, that the shop was kept by *Folly*.

My attention was next attracted by a group of females, the singularity of whose dress and appearance excited the derision of many of the spectators; in fact, the greatest part of them seemed attired for a masquerade: one group in particular appeared designed to represent the Muses, only they had no Apollo; and some of the bystanders observed, that a good washing in the waters of Helicon, if they were really as pure as they are reported, would be of infinite service to their drapery. Others, who were not in fancy dresses, had their caps awry, their neckhandkerchiefs half pinned, and every article of their dress spotted with ink. I was passing the shop, when the mistress of it caught my arm, and observing that I was not like those impertinents who had sneered at her goods, assured me, that she had collected in her shop the only lots of any intrinsic value in the Bazaar. "Look," continued she, "at the shops of *Folly* and *Fashion*, you see there is nothing solid, nothing durable in the shewy trumpery which they exhibit: whereas if you purchase from me and my partner, you lay out your money to advantage, for your wife's perfections will augment instead of decaying with age; every year will render the beauties of her mind more striking."

As I perceived her harangue was not likely to terminate, I walked away at this period of it, and *Caution*, who was still at my elbow, told me *Pedantry* and *Conceit* were joint proprietors of that shop.

I now turned to another, over which was written in large characters GREAT BARGAINS, and I observed attentively several pretty faces with which I might have been charmed, but there was a stupidity in the look of some, an awkwardness in the air of others, and a total want of expression in the countenances of all. "You had better pass on," said *Caution*, "there is nothing here will suit you; this shop is kept by *Ignorance*."

A little farther on, I perceived a shop even more crowded by purchasers than that of *Folly*, though the *goods*, which by the bye were ticketed at a still higher rate, were much less beautiful: I observed that they were decked out in the most studied and fantastic manner; and upon casting my eyes upon the mistress of the shop, I knew at first glance that I beheld *Fashion*. Regardless of the whispers of *Caution*, who tried much to draw me away, I examined several lots, without, I must own, being particularly pleased with any of them, though I saw them purchased at a most extravagant rate before my face. I could not help smiling at the address with which *Fashion*, who was incontestibly the best shopkeeper in the place, puffed off her goods; and I observed, that each who purchased from her seemed certain that his bargain was better than his neighbour's. Perceiving me looking attentively at a young lady whose appearance was rather striking, though her features were not beautiful, "There," cried *Fashion*, addressing me, "there is a lot worth any money! Observe what a fine air of the head, what taste in dress, what skill in attitudes!"—"I cannot appreciate these perfections," cried I, "for they are things in which I have no judgment;" but there is something very pleasing in her countenance, and I shall be glad to purchase her, provided you will warrant her possessed of those qualities necessary to form a good wife. I was beginning to enumerate the qualities I expected, but *Fashion* interrupted me with a contemptuous sneer. "I perceive, friend," cried she, "that you know nothing of the usages of polite life, or else you would never expect to find such obsolete articles in my shop: they may suit the poor or the mean-spirited, but my customers are of a very different description, I assure you." At this moment a dashing young beau began to inquire about the lot in question, and *Fashion* immediately turned to him with a very courteous air. My pride was so much piqued by the mean opinion which she seemed to have formed of me, that I was just going to prove its fallacy by anticipating him in the purchase which he seemed inclined to make, when *Caution*, who saw my danger, caught my arm and dragged me forcibly from the spot. I began to remonstrate, but *Caution* paid no attention to me, nor did he loose his hold till we reached a shop at the farther end of the Bazaar. I was much pleased with the appearance of the shopkeeper, an elderly matron, attired in a sober-coloured stuff, made in a manner very suitable to her years. "You may safely venture to purchase at this shop," whispered *Caution*; "it is kept by *Prudence*."

I was so charmed with the modest propriety both of dress and man-

ner of those fair ones in the shop of *Prudence*, that I instantly addressed myself to the matron, and expressed my wish to purchase a wife from her stock. "I perceive," replied she with a smile, "that you are not aware of the manner in which I carry on my business. I take no money, my trade being conducted solely by way of exchange: let me hear the qualities you require in a wife, and perhaps we may agree." —"Sweetness of temper, a plain understanding well cultivated, and a good heart," cried I, "are indispensable; and I could wish also that my wife should possess an agreeable, if not a beautiful person." *Prudence* paused a moment. "I can suit you exactly," cried she, "provided you convince me that you are possessed of sound sense, good principles, and a cheerful liberal disposition; satisfy me that you possess these qualities, and I am ready to make over to you the most valuable lot in my shop." As she spoke, she took the hand of one of the young ladies, whose back was to me, and turning her round, I saw, with equal delight and surprise, that it was my dear Maria S——. My joy was so great that I uttered a loud exclamation, which instantly awoke me, and my dream being fresh in my memory, I committed it to paper. Should you not deem it unworthy your notice, you will, by giving it a place in your instructive and elegant publication, oblige your constant reader and humble servant,

PEREGRINE PLAINWAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,——Your ready insertion of my moral tale of *The Forsaken Fair*, in the fourth number of your very elegant Miscellany, has induced me to trouble you once more; and should the following trifle, founded on facts, claim an immediate insertion, I may perhaps intrude on you frequently in a similar manner, continuing to make the moral subservient to mere entertainment, and drawing my incidents and deductions from natural life. I remain yours, with respect, JOHN.

THE FASHIONABLE MATCH-MAKER:

A TALE.

IF the importance which we attach to the female character is to be created and fostered by parental care, what have we not to fear, when we see that character condemned to the superintendence of a parent, who is not only careless in performing the great duties she is called on to perform, but persisting in plans built upon false theories, which must ultimately ruin the object whose welfare she erroneously imagines herself to be promoting? Too frequently we find, that the errors of maturity were planted in youth by the indiscretion of mothers, and that the misery of after-life arises from a want of caution, or activity, in watching over the days of childhood.

Lady Lindermere was the most agreeable woman imaginable in a party; she shed universal joy over the drawing-room whenever she appeared, for her manners were elegant and prepossessing. Her strongest passion was a desire to please all the world: thus she substituted politeness for goodness of

heart; but the veil that covered her true motives was of so impenetrable a texture, that not only the young and inconsiderate were made to believe that she took a lively interest in all their pleasures and pains, but maturer age often sought, in treating her with confidence, a participation in troubles, if not exertions to relieve them. Yet all this ladylike demeanour, this smile of complaisance, and the tear of benevolence which seemed so highly to adorn her, not always accompanied her ladyship in privacy: there were moments when offended consequence struggled for mastery; there were moments when that character of benevolence, which she had striven for years to maintain, was almost unveiled; when some imaginary injury, and a wish to be revenged for some supposed affront, had nearly, and not unfrequently, betrayed a heart cold as marble, except to its own interest, and threatened to give the lie to those professions which her tongue was so constantly repeating. These, however, were generally dissipated through the medium of taunts and reflections on her woman, who was paid to bear them in silence; and as no man is a hero to his valet, so, if Mrs. Torpor, her ladyship's maid, might be believed, Lady Lindermere in her dressing-room, and Lady Lindermere in the drawing-room, were two very different persons; but nobody saw her ladyship under the hands of her 'tire-woman, and we all believe that alone which is most evident to our senses.

Her dignity had, as yet, interfered to save her from committing actions unworthy of a lady, except in little affairs beneath the notice of the historian; and she actually revelled in the good graces of those to whom blandishment and scandal are dearer than truth, when, at length, she beheld two daughters in full maturity, bred nearly under her eye, who had now for some time been introduced into *life*. It was indeed high time that they, in her opinion, should have been solicited to confine themselves in the silken, or rather in the *no* bands of fashionable wedlock, by some brilliant suitors, likely to add to the dignity of the house of Lindermere, and crown all her ladyship's theories by a result favourable to her hopes and wishes. It is the curse of foolish parents to have their dearest wishes crossed and their fairest schemes overthrown by the frowardness of their children. The celebrated Lord Chesterfield wrote maxims for a son who proved insensible to their value; Oliver Cromwell gained a crown for one whose only delight was to enjoy a quiet and innocent life in scenes of nature and privacy; and Lady Lindermere's system of tactics was thrown away on daughters unworthy of her care. There are some mothers that we could mention, in the sphere of fashion, who cannot bear the existence of a rival even in the persons of their own daughters: if these unnatural feelings ever gained entrance into the breast of Lady Lindermere, they had long since subsided. Neither Dorinda nor Juliana attempted the least rivalry, for they rather appeared in the *suite* of their mother, than came forward as first-rate characters.

Whether Fortune and the Graces

chose to exhaust their whole stock of favour on the mother, or whether the daughters were born under an unlucky planet, is not known, but the Miss Lindermeres had passed the age of thirty, apparently as unambitious of notice as they were unattractive, or rather not *particularly* attractive. The first masters were obtained for the culture of their minds, and the most fashionable milliners for the adornment of their persons. But what did all this waste of talent on the Miss Lindermeres prove? That mind has not yet arrived at a state of perfection; that we cannot gain taste by inoculation, or impart elegance by theory. They drew, they played, they waltzed, and sung; they painted velvet, gabbled French, and drawled Italian; but they did all this no better than twenty other young ladies; and their mother, no less unfortunate than the celebrated characters just quoted, found she had sown seed on a barren soil, and if her daughters were accomplished in her eyes, she was never blessed to hear the unaffected burst of applause, "How beautifully Miss Dorinda paints!" or "How sweet are the notes of Juliana's voice!" Praises of their talents she did indeed hear, praises expressed in the highest style of poetical rapture, but passed in so base a coin, that Lady Lindermere well discerned the quantity of alloy with which it was mixed; for she had herself passed off much better, stamped with a greater appearance of intrinsic value.

It appears to be the *summum bonum* of the year 1816, that every lady should be married; not that your daughter should be happy, but that matrimony, the gilded pill of matrimony, should be swallowed by all parties, whether the fates or destinies will it or not. For this are the same faces sent every year to Margate, to Harrowgate, to Cheltenham, or Brighton; from thence to Eastern climes, till India's overstocked market can take no more victims. Is then the name of old-maid so very abhorrent, or rather are the character, the feelings, and destination of an unmarried woman so very wretched, that our daughters must rush into the arms of monied licentiousness, or chuse a protector in avarice and age? Lady Lindermere thought a state of singleness not that of blessedness: although, like many others, her state of wedlock was not passed on a bed of roses, yet the whole artillery of her blandishments was employed for her daughters' *settlement* in life; for this she attempted every young man of fashion whom she sat down to besiege, and although she was frequently obliged to raise it, yet, on the appearance of another object, again would she return to the charge, nor leave the field till all hopes of a blockade were exhausted. Do such mothers as Lady Lindermere imagine, that young men are quite blind; and do they not know, that human nature, impatient of controul, rejects even benefits thrust upon it? No, with all their worldly knowledge, they are not aware of the effect of this conduct in themselves, or they would not pursue a course which frustrates the very ends they propose to accomplish.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HUMANITY REWARDED.

Sophia Egerton was the only child of a wealthy merchant, whose disposition was extremely parsimonious. He did every thing in his power, but without effect, to repress the generous spirit of his daughter, who even from her childish days gave proof that she possessed a most benevolent heart. Sophia, who loved and respected her father, regulated her own personal expenses with the strictest economy, in order to please him; but the greatest part of the little allowance which he made her, she devoted to the relief of the poor.

One morning, when Sophia was about the age of fourteen, as she was walking with her maid in Cavendish-square, she saw a boy, apparently something younger than herself, leaning against the outside of the railing, and weeping bitterly. "What ails you?" asked she in a compassionate tone.—"Nothing, ma'am," answered the boy in a strong Hibernian accent, "only I can't get a place; and I have eaten nothing since yesterday." Sophia gave him a trifle, and on questioning him, found that he was an orphan: his father, who was an Irish peasant, had come to London in hopes of gaining a better livelihood by his labour than he could at home, and on his death, which had happened only a few weeks before, the people where he lodged had kept the boy, in hopes of getting him a place as errand-boy to a shopkeeper, but not succeeding, they became tired of supporting him, and finally turned him out of doors. This artless tale made its way at once to the heart of Sophia. "There can be no difficulty in getting you an errand-boy's place, I think," cried she; "have you inquired for one?"—"Myself has been after *plinty*, ma'am," replied Bryan Delaney, for so the boy was called, "but they all said I was fit for nothing."—"But you can do something, can't you?" asked Sophia, doubtingly.

"Ogh, to be sure I can, *plinty* of things; I can dig *pratees*, cut turf, and I've a pretty notion of *tatching* a cabin."

"But can't you do any thing to make yourself useful here? To get a place as errand-boy, you must know the town."

"And so I do; I know the town very well, but I can't find my way through the streets."

Sophia's hopes began to sink very fast. "Can you read and write?" cried she.

"Yes, ma'am, only in reading I'm obliged to spell all the big words; but I can write well enough, only I can't shape the letters."

Sophia's maid, who had listened attentively to the conversation, now whispered her young lady to come away, for that the boy was either mad or a rogue. Miss Egerton was of a very different opinion: she wished to assist him, but she knew not how to go about it; her pocket-money was so trifling, that even the whole of it would scarcely keep him from starving; and she saw very clearly, that some time would probably elapse before he could get a service. While

she was thinking in what way she could assist him, she suddenly recollected that her father had a set of shirts to make, which were to be given to a work-woman the next day. In five minutes she calculated that the sum that would be paid for the set of shirts, would maintain Bryan for some weeks; and she determined to make them herself. She did so, and worked as assiduously at them as if her bread had depended on the money so earned. Bryan, meantime, was indefatigable in seeking a situation; and at length he found one in the family of Mr. Muggins, an oilman, who overlooked his tongue and his blunders, in consideration of his strength, activity, and willingness to make himself useful.

Sophia's solicitude for Bryan's interests did not cease with his getting a situation; she frequently inquired after him, and had the satisfaction to find that he behaved himself so well, that in a few years his master took him to serve in the shop; and when Sophia, at the age of nineteen, married, and quitted England with her husband, Mr. Barclay, who was an officer in the army, Bryan, now grown a smart handsome young man, was still in the service of the oilman.

Mr. Muggins, who was a widower, had an only daughter, nearly ten years older than our hero, of a plain person, and a temper which rendered her the torment of every one around her, with the exception of Bryan, on whom, from his first introduction to the family, she had cast an eye of favour. As miss was her papa's oracle, he complied with her wish to take Bryan into the shop, and soon afterwards, at her desire, entrusted him in part with the management of the business; but when, at length, she expressed a wish to entrust the young Irishman with her fair hand for life, the good man's pride took the alarm; he remonstrated very seriously on the disgrace that would accrue to the family of Muggins by her union with a man who had not a shilling, and whose father had been only a potatoe-digger, while the Muggins's had always been known for substantial people. Miss cut short his harangue by an invective on his cruelty; and finding that this did not produce the desired effect, she had recourse to a flood of tears, and a declaration, that if she did not marry him she should certainly break her heart. The fond father was not proof against this attack upon his feelings; he embraced her tenderly, and told her, that rather than vex her he would consent to whatever she pleased; and that very evening he intimated to Delaney the preference with which the lady honoured him.

Bryan was by no means elated at this unexpected news; but he was extremely good-natured, and a little pardonable vanity persuading him, that some terrible consequences might result from the lady's being crossed in her first love, he lost no time in paying his addresses, and Miss Muggins speedily became Mrs. Delaney.

The death of Mr. Muggins twelve years afterwards, gave Bryan possession of a considerable property, and as if Fortune was determined not to do things by halves, a lottery ticket, which he purchased about the same time, came up a prize of 20,000*l.* Mrs. Delaney

now insisted on his giving up business, which he readily agreed to; but he soon began, to speak in his own language, to find out that he was very unfortunate in having such good luck. His wife, whose temper, as we have before said, was none of the sweetest, was not content with exciting the envy of all her female acquaintance by the elegance of her house, her dress, and her villa at Hackney, she determined to soar at once completely above them all, by getting Bryan to purchase a title. Bryan, good-natured and yielding as he naturally was, resolutely resisted this demand. In vain did she assure him such a step was proper and necessary; he replied, that it might be necessary for her to be called my lady, and if half, or even three-fourths, of what he had would purchase a title for her, she should have it; but nothing in the world should prevail upon him to be knighted and made a fool of; he had too much respect for his relations to disturb them in their quiet graves, and sure enough they never would rest *asy* if once they knew of his doing such a thing. In spite of tears, sullenness, scolding, and caresses, Bryan persisted in this determination, though Mrs. Delaney took care that his firmness should cost him dear: her sudden death, however, soon left him at liberty to enjoy his fortune in his own way; and as he had no family, and was of a humane disposition, his riches were a blessing to many.

As he was sauntering about one morning, he observed two girls, who walked before him, look wishfully at some fine strawberries as they passed a fruiterer's window. "Julia," said one to the other, "don't you think mamma would like some of those strawberries?"—"Yes, sister," answered Julia, "but I am sure they are too dear." The other sighed, but made no reply, and they continued to walk on. They were both very young, but their melancholy air proved they were not unacquainted with misfortune. The good-natured Bryan felt interested for them, and perhaps this interest was not a little heightened by the uncommon beauty of Julia, of whose features, and even voice, he had a confused recollection. Without having any settled purpose, he followed the sisters till they stopped at the private door of an ironmonger's shop, and were admitted. It chanced that he knew the ironmonger, and he walked into the shop to make some inquiries about those interesting girls. The landlady told him her husband was above stairs, but he would be down presently; and in a few minutes he heard a voice, which he knew to be the ironmonger's, declare, in a loud and threatening tone, that he would have his money, or value for it, the next morning; and slapping a door with a violence that shook the house, he stamped down stairs, and entered the shop with a face crimsoned by passion.

On seeing Delaney, Mr. Grubwell seemed a little ashamed of his violence, and began to harangue upon his misfortunes in having always the luck of letting his lodgings to people who never paid him. "Here," continued he, "this woman, with her two daughters, has been nearly six months in my house, and I never saw the colour of her money; and, by the miser-

able manner in which they live, I am sure she is as poor as a rat."

"More's the pity," said his wife, "if she is poor; I am sure she does not deserve to be so."

"Don't tell me of her deserts," replied the brutish husband? "what have I to do with her deserts? will they pay my rent and taxes, and buy provision for my family?"

"Ah! many's the poor family for whom she has bought provision," replied the wife: "I remember her when she was Miss Egerton, and a better creature——"

"What's that you say?" interrupted Bryan; "sure and it can never be my Miss Egerton, Miss Sophy, the pride of the world, that you are talking about?"

"I am talking of Miss Egerton, whose father was a merchant, and lived in Edward-street; and if you do know her, you must know she deserves nothing but kindness from every body."

"And for that reason," interrupted the surly husband, "she is to cheat me out of my money."

Bryan's full heart was beginning to overflow at his eyes, but this speech changed the current of his feelings. "I'll tell you what, Mr. Grubwell," cried he, "there's one thing due to you from me, and if you say another word like the last, I wont *chate* you out of it, and that's a good *baiting*."

"Beating!" cried the astonished and enraged Grubwell, "do you come to my shop to assault me, because I ask for my own? It's a pretty thing if a man's to be abused in this here manner, in his own house, by a foreigner, as a body may say!"

"Foreigner, indeed!" said Bryan. "Harkee, Mr. Grubwell! I'd have you take care what you say, or may be I'll be after prosecuting you for a libel upon my character in calling me a foreigner, when I'm as much of an Englishman as yourself, or else what was the use of the union? But it's a burning shame for me to stand here wasting my time in talking to such a spalpeen as yourself, *whin* I ought to be paying my duty to my benefactress, who will soon discharge your dirty bit of a bill out of 10,000*l.* which she has in my hands."

These words rendered Mr. Grubwell as abject as he had before been insolent; but Bryan, without noticing his servile apologies, sent to beg a few minutes conversation with Mrs. Barclay.

We shall not attempt to paint the interview between the grateful Bryan and his benefactress; suffice it to say, that the warm-hearted Irishman wished to pay his debt of gratitude a thousand fold; and Sophia, who had no false pride, consented to accept pecuniary assistance from him, though not to the amount he wished. Her distress arose from a fraudulent claim which had been set up to some landed property purchased by her father, and bequeathed by him to her. The extravagance of her husband, who had been dead for some time, had rendered her unable to procure legal redress, and, involved as she believed in certain and hopeless poverty, she was upon the brink of despair, when Heaven sent the object of her former charity to her assistance. As she was assured that nothing but want of money had prevented the recovery of her property, she commenced her suit with

vigour. She gained it; and great as was the transport she felt on securing to her children an ample provision, it scarcely equalled that of Bryan, when Sophia, presenting to him her two charming girls, bade them thank the worthy man to whose gratitude they owed every thing.

THE DANGER OF THE SMALLEST DEVIATION FROM TRUTH ILLUSTRATED:

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

WHEN I was at B * * *, I took a walk one morning in the park, accompanied by a friend. We chanced to pass a summer-house, in which were seated two young and beautiful females, the one in deep mourning, with her handkerchief to her eyes, the other in morning *negligée*, drawing figures upon the sand with the point of her parasol. Neither of them observed us. "Do you know those ladies?" said I to my friend.—"O, yes!" he replied; "she in mourning is the widow of Captain B——, and the other is the Countess of S——. They have been friends from their childhood, but affliction has now united them more closely than ever." My curiosity was excited; we sat down upon a bench, and he related what follows:—

Emily and Laura were educated together. They were of the same rank and age, and both equally amiable. The only difference between them consisted in Emily's wealth and Laura's poverty. Both, however, were rich in qualities of the mind and heart, and in due time both attracted admirers.

Among other young men who were introduced to their notice, was Captain B——. He was more indebted to the kindness of Nature, who had given him a handsome person and the sweetest disposition, than to Fortune, who had been more sparing of her favours. Long did his heart waver between Emily and Laura, but at length fixed upon the former. Possibly he might not himself have been able to account for this choice; but those who were acquainted with him, well knew that self-interest was not the motive.

This feeling, however, operated the more strongly on Emily's father; for though his daughter was really attached to the captain, yet she was so incessantly lectured on the subject of filial obedience and submission to the will of parents, that the gentle creature at length yielded, and promised to stifle the growing passion. To second this resolution as much as possible, her father sent her to a distant country seat, where she languished a whole year in solitary seclusion. Her flowers, her pigeons, and her correspondence with Laura, were her sole amusements. Her father allowed her to read no novels, and he acted wisely, as she would otherwise have scarcely succeeded so well in banishing the captain from her thoughts. In her own letters, as well as in those of her friend, his name was likewise interdicted, as they passed through her father's

hands; and as they came from a country infected with the pestilence of love, he never failed to open them first, in order to preserve Laura from the contagion.

Though Emily had quitted the town, still the number of her admirers did not decline, for her fortune was left behind. She resembled the invisible deity of the Athenians, on whose altars the votaries offered sacrifice without knowing how he looked. Many, indeed, wished for an opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with her; and those who knew her were anxious to see her again: but a considerable time elapsed before her father would consent to gratify these desires.

At length young S—— made his appearance. He was a rich count, who had seen the great Pitt —I mean the diamond known by that name—had dined with Vergennes, and been blown up with one of the floating batteries at Gibraltar; in other respects a tolerably good sort of a man, who was fond of his poodle, and settled an annuity on his superannuated tutor. He occasionally read books, and always took the tone from the last he had perused. This young man presented himself as a suitor to Emily, or rather to Emily's father, who could not resist his charms, and appointed a rendezvous in the country. The fair Emily was just feeding her pigeons when a fine carriage drove up to the door; a fine gentleman stepped out of it, and said many fine things to her. Her father, at the same time, gave her to understand, that this was the knight who was come to deliver the captive princess from the enchanted castle. Now let a young lady be ever so fond of her pigeons, it is ten to one that she is much fonder of liberty. It is therefore no wonder, especially as the count was agreeable enough, and as Emily was anxious to be delivered from her dungeon, that in a few weeks she signified her compliance with her father's wishes. After the honey-moon, the young count found a residence in the country rather dull; the countess agreed with him; the steeds were harnessed, and away they drove to town.

Laura was sincerely rejoiced to see her friend again, and Captain B—— the very reverse; for no sooner had he succeeded in banishing Emily's image from his heart, than her sudden reappearance threatened to replace it there in glowing colours. He met Emily in company, bowed respectfully, and turned pale: Emily courtesied low, and blushed. The captain stammered forth a congratulation which nobody understood, and Emily an answer which nobody heard. "What is to be done?" thought the captain, on his return home at night; "shall I torment myself to no purpose? or shall I strive to seduce the count's young wife? Neither the one nor the other. I will look out for some other female, who shall make the world, if not a paradise, at least tolerable to me. The sweet fruits of Hymen are not brought to maturity only in the hot-house of love, they grow also in the shade of reason. Nor have I far to look; happiness is generally nearer to us

than we imagine. Laura is an amiable creature, domestic and unaffected. I will marry Laura."

With this resolution he closed his eyes, and with this resolution he awoke. "I love you dearly," said he the next evening to Laura, "can you love me?" Laura had long loved him, though she had concealed her passion: she had now no longer any cause to dissemble, and in less than a month they were man and wife. They were happy too, though no maidens dressed in white strewed flowers at their wedding; and as the dispositions of both were naturally amiable, happy they continued to be till the demon of jealousy interfered to disturb their happiness.

It was perfectly natural that the captain should not be able to view Emily with total indifference; and it was equally natural that Emily should still feel some interest for the captain. He saw in her a charming woman, who, but for her father's prohibition, would have been his wife: she beheld in him an amiable man, whose first love she had been, and—as her vanity whispered—perhaps still was. Neither ever indulged in the most distant hint at their former situation, but he spoke with more shiness to her than to any other woman; and she answered him with greater embarrassment than any other man.

Their behaviour did not escape the notice of the young count, in whom it excited considerable uneasiness. As he had just been reading a novel, in which a sensible husband had by a generous confidence prevented his wife from dishonouring herself, he determined to conceal his disquietude, and even pretended to be pleased when Emily paid frequent visits to Laura. "Why don't you go to see Laura?" he would sometimes say. "'Tis a long time since you visited her. It is my wish that you should not neglect your friend." This was the *first white lie* (as it is commonly called) that paved the way to the subsequent catastrophe.

The strange behaviour of her husband and her friend had equally forced itself upon Laura's notice, and had given her no less uneasiness. She was ashamed, however, to confess it to either. The captain, indeed, once asked, in a moment of confidence, "Are you inclined to be jealous?" and she replied with a laugh, "O, no!"—This was the *second* untruth on which the demon of mischief built his plan.

The winter passed pretty quietly. The fire glowed under the ashes. One day in the following spring, the young count was invited to a party of pleasure in the country. The person who gave the invitation was a bachelor, an inveterate enemy to the sex even in spring, and whose convivial parties therefore consisted entirely of men. The count was not to return till the next morning. Emily was left at home a prey to *ennui*. In this situation she received a message from Laura, who sent her word that her husband would be on duty that night, that he would not return home till towards morning, and therefore she would be glad if Emily would spend the evening with her. Emily rejoiced in the prospect of passing a few hours agreeably, and complied. Her bookseller had just sent her the

first two volumes of one of the most interesting novels that had appeared for many years. These she took with her to her friend's, and on her arrival there sent home her carriage. The ladies diverted themselves in the most innocent manner, and after supper Emily proposed to read for half an hour longer. Half an hour was prolonged to an hour, and one hour to two. The book became more fascinating the farther she proceeded; Emily forgot to send for her carriage; and it was three o'clock in the morning when the captain returned, and found her still engaged in reading.

The ladies were frightened when they heard how late it was. Emily snatched up her gloves and shawl, requested her friend to send for a hackney-coach, and hurried away. The captain, of course, handed her to it; and what was perfectly natural, requested permission to attend her home, as he could not think of suffering her to go alone. She declined his offer, but he persisted. Emily became embarrassed. "If," thought she, "I accept his company, I shall be, for the length of four or five streets, in the most painful situation, alone with a man who (loth as I am to confess it) is not wholly indifferent to me. Should I refuse, he may perhaps fancy that I am afraid of him." This last consideration revolted her pride, her pride overcame her fears, and she consented.

Laura was thrilled by a most unpleasant sensation. Her husband alone with Emily! the way not short! the morning fine! She turned away, and strove to conceal the pangs of jealousy under the disguise of affected carelessness. "Make haste, and begone!" cried she yawning, "I can scarcely keep my eyes open: and as for you, my dear," added she, addressing the captain, "don't disturb me when you come home, for I shall certainly be asleep." This was the *third* white lie, for she had never felt less disposed to sleep than at this moment. She was ashamed of her jealousy, and false shame is ever accompanied by her sister Untruth.

Emily and the captain were presently seated in the coach. It had long been broad day-light: the sun rose in cloudless splendour, and gilded the tops of the church-steeples; the cocks crew; the hair-dressers began to run about the streets, and here and there a shop-door opened. Emily was desirous of bringing forward some indifferent subject for conversation; she therefore said the first thing that came into her head, and this was the *fourth* white lie. "What a charming morning!" exclaimed she; "I should prefer a ride in the park to going home."—"You have only to command," replied the captain, unconscious of any improper feeling: "coachman, drive to the park!"

Emily was frightened. She had no serious wish to gad about the park. Again, should any one see her, at that early hour, alone with the captain, what would people think of her? She fortunately devised a method of extricating herself from this new embarrassment. "Hard by," said she, "lives my cousin, who is fond of morning rides: we will call for her, and take her with us."—"By all means," replied the captain. The coachman

was ordered to drive to the cousin's, and in two minutes they were at the door.

After long knocking and ringing, a servant at length made his appearance, and informed them, yawning, that his mistress was not yet stirring. "She must be roused then," said Emily. "Allow me, captain, to leave you for a moment. I'll go up to her myself." Alighting from the coach, away she tripped up stairs, burst into her cousin's chamber, and hastily drew her curtains. "Dear cousin," said she, "you must come and take a ride immediately. I have left Captain B—— below in the coach; I can't get rid of him; he insists on accompanying me, and I should not like to be seen alone with him. Make haste! dress yourself, and come along with us!" Her poor cousin, however, having taken a violent cold, peremptorily refused. "Rather stay with me to breakfast," said she, "and let the captain return home."—"Any thing in the world," rejoined Emily, "to escape his troublesome politeness." She accordingly sent down a message, excusing herself from going any farther, on account of her cousin's cold, and requested the captain to let the coach take him home.

The captain preferred walking. He alighted. "If I go home," thought he, "I shall only disturb my wife; the idea of a ramble in the park this delicious morning is too good to be lost, and I will execute it alone." He accordingly strolled to the park, where he sauntered up one alley and down another.

Emily staid scarcely half an hour at her cousin's. "By this time," thought she, throwing herself into the carriage of the latter, "the captain is snug in his bed. The morning is truly charming; the sun has dried up the dew; I feel no inclination to sleep, and will take a walk in earnest." In ten minutes she actually alighted in the park, and in the eleventh she met the captain. She was alarmed and perplexed beyond measure upon discovering him. She could not with decency avoid him, as he had already perceived her. What would he think in that case? Why, either that she despised or feared him! The first her heart forbade, the second her pride. Like a female familiar with the tone of the great world, she mustered all her self-command, and went up to him laughing. "Women are capricious creatures, captain, an't they? One moment they will, and the next they won't. Ask not, therefore, how I happen to be here just now? I can assign no other reason but my whim. Fate seems to have decreed that we should spend this morning together, so lend me your arm."

With affected *nonchalance*, and conversing with feigned cheerfulness on the most ordinary topics, she walked up and down with him for about half an hour. The sky then began to be overcast, and Emily gladly seized this pretext for relieving herself from the oppressive constraint of her situation. "Remember me to your wife," said she, sprung into the carriage, and hastened home.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DESCRIPTION OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY'S LAMP FOR PREVENTING EXPLOSIONS IN COAL-MINES,

And Experiment made with it by Dr. Hamel, *of St. Petersburg.*

There are few of our readers, we presume, whose feelings have not been shocked by the accounts of the destructive effects occasioned by the explosion of inflammable air in coal-mines, by which, in the northern part of the kingdom alone, several hundreds of valuable lives have been sacrificed within these few years. It was natural that men of science should direct their studies to the means of preventing such accidents: several ingenious inventions were offered to the attention of miners; but none of those hitherto produced has been found to combine the grand requisites, safety and convenience, in an equal degree with the lamp invented by Sir Humphry Davy.

In the course of a long and laborious investigation of the properties of the fire-damp, and the nature and communication of flame, Sir Humphry ascertained, that the explosions of inflammable gases were incapable of being passed through long narrow metallic tubes; and that this principle of security was still obtained by diminishing their length and diameter at the same time, and likewise diminishing their length and increasing their number, so that a great number of small apertures would not pass explosion, when their depth was equal to their diameter. This first led him to trials upon sieves made of wire-gauze, or metallic plates perforated with numerous small holes, and he found that it was impossible to pass explosions through them.

The apertures in the gauze should not be more than $\frac{1}{20}$ of a square inch. As the fire-damp is not inflamed by ignited wire, the thickness of the wire is not of importance, but wire from $\frac{1}{40}$ to $\frac{1}{60}$ of an inch in diameter is most convenient. If wire of $\frac{1}{40}$ is found to wear out too soon in practice, the thickness may be increased to any extent; but the thicker the wire, the more the light will be intercepted, for the size of the apertures must never be more than $\frac{1}{20}$ of an inch square.

Iron wire and brass wire-gauze of the required degree of fineness are made for sieves by all wire-workers; but iron wire-gauze is to be preferred. When of the proper degree of thickness, it can neither melt nor burn; and the coat of black rust, which soon forms upon it superficially, defends the interior from the action of the air. The gauze cage, or cylinder, for inclosing the flame of the lamp, should be made by double joinings, the gauze being folded over in such a manner as to leave no apertures. When it is cylindrical, it should not be more than two inches in diameter; for in larger cylinders, the combustion of fire-damp renders the top inconveniently hot, and a double top is always a proper precaution, fixed at the distance of one-half or three-quarters of an inch above the first top. The gauze cylinder should be fastened to the lamp by a screw of four or five turns, and fitted to the screw by a tight ring. All joinings in

the lamp should be made of hard solder; and the security depends on the circumstance, that no aperture communicating with the external air exists in the apparatus larger than in the wire-gauze.

Such of our readers as are desirous of obtaining a more accurate notion of the structure of this ingenious contrivance, are referred to Mr. Newman, of Lisle-street, London, by whom lamps of this kind are made. It is obvious, that their principle is of much more extensive application than the purpose for which these instruments were originally designed. The safe-lamps will prevent accidents in gas-manufactories, spirit-manufactories, and warehouses, and in all places where gaseous inflammable matter is likely to be disengaged; and for the common purposes of light, they will always prevent danger from sparks as well as flame.

To this description we subjoin an account of an experiment made with one of these lamps in a coal-pit, by Dr. Hamel, of St. Petersburg:—Some time ago, says he, I had an opportunity of trying Sir Humphry Davy's lamp in a coal-mine near Holywell, in Flintshire. I descended (along with Messrs. William and Edward Roscoe) the pit of Deebank colliery, 140 yards deep, and then proceeded horizontally in one of the metal drifts, where in one place the inflammable gas was bubbling with considerable force through the water covering the bottom of the mine. The ventilation here being so complete as to prevent any danger from explosion, I kindled the gas with a common candle. It continued burning with a flame about a foot and half long. Sir Humphry Davy's lamp, held in the same current, would not set fire to it. We now went to a place near the end of the working, where, in the roof of the mine, there is a considerable excavation constantly filled with carburetted hydrogen, issuing from a fissure in the roof on that spot. Holding the safety-lamp in the lower part of this excavation, where the inflammable air is always mixed with atmospheric air, a succession of slight explosions took place in the inside of the lamp; but when raised into purer inflammable gas, the whole of the cylinder was filled with a faint bluish flame, through which that of the wick was distinctly visible. On lifting it still higher into the purest carburetted hydrogen, the lamp was put out, but rekindled spontaneously when instantly withdrawn into atmospheric air.

Having convinced myself that the lamp would not set fire to the gas (and having been breathing the same for some time, to try its effects when taken into the lungs), we approached it with a common candle tied to a long stick. The gas took fire with considerable explosion, the lowermost stratum being mixed with atmospheric air, and the remainder continued burning for nearly half a minute, filling three-quarters of the mine with an undulating blaze. The appearance was awful, and gave me some notion of the manner in which those unfortunate persons perished who met with their death from accidents of this kind.

The lamp with which we made the experiment, had a cylinder of

brass wire-gauze. It had become very hot during our trials with it; and, I think, the flame was greener than is common to carburetted hydrogen from coal-mines. I should suppose brass or copper wire would not stand so long as iron wire-gauze. Mr. Buddle writes me, "that he has had several lamps with *iron* gauze cylinders for three months in daily use, without being in the slightest degree impaired, although they have been frequently red-hot for a considerable length of time." The chief doubts remaining in my mind with regard to the complete safety of the lamp, were, that the particles of coal, which generally fly about where the men are working, might stick in the meshes of the gauze, and by giving out a flame, might kindle the gas. I had an idea, that by putting over the gauze cylinder a second one of glass or gauze, this danger might be avoided; but on mentioning my doubts to Sir Humphry Davy, he shewed me some experiments in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, by which it appeared, that coal-dust, even when laid on the top of the lamp and becoming red-hot, or when blown through the gauze cylinder, would not inflame the surrounding gas. Sir Humphry Davy's discovery of the property of wire-gauze is great; it has rendered philosophy triumphant over an evil, that had long baffled the united efforts of the man of science and the philanthropist.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. VIII.

> See how the world its veterans rewards!
> A youth of frolic, an old age of cards;
> Fair to no purpose, faithful to no end,
> Young without lovers, old without a friend;
> A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
> Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.——Pope, *epist.* ii.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

I some time since received the following question in the following way:—

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

"What is an *accomplished woman*, according to the general acceptation annexed to the expression?"

I could wish that you would not only answer me on this point, but enlarge a little upon the subject in the way that your experience, knowledge of the world, and insight into the female character, so eminently qualify you to do. If, however, in the course of your next two or three numbers you do not comply with my request, I will trouble you with a few of my own opinions on this interesting topic. I was myself a darling daughter, and educated with all the care, as well as gratified with all the indulgence, which fondness and fortune could bestow: I have since been a wife, on whom a husband, I may say the most tender husband, doted. I am now a widowed mother, with all the fearful hopes and anxious cares which two female children, and I have no other, can excite in a maternal bosom. One of them has advanced a few paces in her

teens, and the other has just entered into them. The duties I owe to these beings, and the difficulties which the world throws in my way while I am endeavouring to discharge them, are the subject of my constant thoughts and my daily exertions. I would rather receive instructions from you; but if you chuse to withhold them, I shall crave your attention to, and your opinion of, the principles on which I instruct myself. In short, to my own answer to my own question, with which, under the circumstances I have mentioned, I shall, in the time which I have specified, intrude upon you. Your obliged, humble servant,

SERAPHINA.

My readers will not expect, I presume, that I should by any observations deprive myself of the advantage which these papers would probably receive from such a correspondent: I therefore waited till she was disposed to perform her promise; and the manner in which she has thought proper to fulfil it has fully justified my expectation, and will not, I presume, disappoint any other.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Since, madam, you have refused to answer my question, I proceed, without apology, to make my own responses to it. The fact is, that the question which I put to you was, in the very words of it, a question which my eldest girl addressed to me; and the answer which I gave to her is, as to the substance, if not precisely as to the expression, the same which I gave to her: perhaps you will hereafter do her the service to enlarge upon it for my great satisfaction, as well as her further instruction and improvement.

" *My dear Eliza,*

" To dress, to dance, to sing, to play, and to be engaged in a round of what are called fashionable pursuits, is the principal object of too large a portion of the young women who possess the distinction of rank and fortune. I appreciate, as they deserve, those ornamental acquisitions, which are the delight of society, and enliven the pleasures of retirement. A genius for music or drawing should be cultivated, but as the *amusements*, and not the business, of life; because it should be considered, that all the pleasure which harmony can afford to the ear, or painting to the eye, will add but little to the furtherance of domestic duty, or the fulfilling the more important concerns of life. If time, instead of being occasionally enlivened by such pursuits, is wholly dedicated to them, how is it possible that you can fix those principles which are to regulate your conduct? or how will you acquire those more solid qualities, which are to be the real and durable ornaments of social life?

" A disposition at once mild, patient, gentle, and unassuming, I consider as the first *accomplishment*, because it is the most necessary for your own peace, and the comfort of those with whom your lot is cast; nor is a well regulated temper, that charm of the human, and more particularly of the female character, so easily obtained, or so easily preserved, as too many are apt to imagine: for the softness which is given by nature will, if it is not strengthened by thought and

reflection, too often degenerate into insipidity. On the other hand, to avoid the pertness of manner which frequently assumes the name of vivacity, the same application must be made to the higher powers of the mind; they must be called to expand beyond the glittering trifles of the day, and check the influence of self-love, which is so apt to prevent you from contemplating the excellencies of others, and, which is the happiest consequence of such a review, of endeavouring to imitate them. On the point of *accomplishments*, therefore, it should be considered, that to dazzle by exterior qualifications is far less desirable than to delight by solid virtues; and that elegant attainments are only valuable when they are the ornaments of an accomplished, that is, of a well instructed, mind.

"With respect to books, I cannot but wish that your reading should be more extensive than is in general thought suitable to women. It should be on those subjects which appeal to the head as well as the heart; such as give elevation of sentiment, without leading to abstruse and learned disquisition. Natural and civil history will never fail in proving to reflecting minds the subjects of agreeable and useful study. She must surely be lost to a just sense of what is beautiful, who has no desire for that knowledge which unfolds the charms of nature in all its varieties, and, at the same time, displays the wonders of creation. A general notion of what has passed, and may be passing, in the world, which history affords, is a necessary branch of knowledge: when confined in reasonable bounds, and to general topics, it is an *accomplishment* which at once adorns, improves, and enlarges the mind. Poetry is too certain a source of delight to be forgotten; but the Muses are ladies whose familiarity is to be sought with a selecting care, and under the auspices of taste and virtue.

"To consider an attention to economy and domestic concerns as an accomplishment, might call forth a sneer from those who bask in the meridian of fashionable life; but a liberal and gradual introduction to such objects are essential to the future comfort of those who are to become wives, and mothers, and friends.

"A truly affectionate husband, however he may be delighted with the decorations of taste and elegance as they adorn the person, or the more showy acquisitions of the mind, will have reason to be disappointed, if the wife whom he has chosen, refuses to accommodate herself to those domestic concerns which are submitted to her superintending care. But nothing is more evident, than that the useful and elegant qualities of the female character are naturally calculated to harmonize with, to support and set off each other. Accomplishments give a certain glow and pleasing colour to the most simple acts of domestic duty; while a proper and becoming attention to the latter, operating in some degree on the former, gives them a sort of solid character, which in themselves they cannot be said to possess. What is called taste, a love of elegance and a disposition to refinement, will too often serve but

to lead into extravagance and dissipation, unless corrected by that love of home, which must spring from the knowledge of its comforts and the discharge of its cares.

"An introduction into public life is generally deemed necessary to form the manners; and it certainly will teach an artificial polish, a habit of fashionable ceremony, which may fit you for the transitory hours of dissipation; but the politeness which never varies, and the manners which are uniformly pleasing, are only to be learned from principles rightly formed, and a heart open to the impressions of social affection. The good-breeding which is inspired by good temper, is not dependant on any particular society; and she who is so fortunate as to possess it, will be as delicate in her attentions in the circle of private friendship, as if the whole world were witness of her actions.

"With respect to dress, that tedious study, which engrosses so large a portion of female attention, let it be remembered, that fine clothes add nothing to real beauty; while they render the defects of a plain person more conspicuous. Besides, an observance of every fantastical fashion will lead to vanity and extravagance, which must be gratified at the expence of generosity and benevolence. The appearance which other people make is not to be entirely the standard of your own: if they chuse to be extravagant, and dress in a manner that is not suitable to their station in life, there is no reason that you should follow their example.

"In considering *manners*, or that exterior behaviour which is necessary in general society, what is more offensive in the eye of reason, than levity, pertness, and assurance? while dignity, grace, and mildness are the most attractive charms of woman.

"It cannot, I fear, be denied, that there is a freedom of manners prevalent, in our day, in female society, which would have been considered in the days of our grandmothers, as little short of a disdain of genuine modesty, nearly, if not altogether, approaching to a violation of character. Is it to be wondered, therefore, that when women loosen the ties of decorum, men should relax in their respect to them? and ought we to be surprised, when they bring into our company the manners, conversation, and familiarity of their own society, instead of those obliging attentions, amiable reserve, and chaste behaviour, which is best suited to ours?

"When, however, on our part, no indignant frowns testify a displeasure of such manners, when no modest blush speaks the purity of the female mind, men are not to be inconsiderately condemned for improper conduct. Let me ask, is not the fault too much our own? and must it not be the reformation in our manners which can alone restore that true good breeding, which is so opposite to the fashionable ease, or rather impudent familiarity, for it well deserves the name, of the times in which we live? Be it, however, your part, my dear child, whatever singularity may be attached to it, to suffer your principles to govern your actions: do not, I beseech you, let the contagion of bad example influence even your exterior appear-

ance, much less affect your manners and conversation. But, above all things, guard the principles of virtue, of honour, and, which includes them both, of religion, from being contaminated by the blandishments of dubious pleasures and prevailing dissipation: for if you once sacrifice these genuine *accomplishments* of the mind and of the heart, to those of the fashionable world, what a risk you will run of losing all claim to real happiness, of contaminating all purity of mind, and passing your life in a degradation of character, or amidst the mortifications of repentance!"

Have I fulfilled my promise to your satisfaction? I trust, nay I am confident, that you will not flatter me.

SERAPHINA.

Madam,

Be assured that I flatter you not, when I reply, that you have fulfilled your promised task very much to the honour of your understanding and your heart. Nor do I entertain the least apprehension, that the delusions of the world will contaminate those who are brought up under such care as yours, and who have continually before their eyes such an example, as I must presume, you offer to their daily contemplation.

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO,

IN A LETTER FROM A SERJEANT IN THE GUARDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,——The inclosed letter, which has been privately circulated, contains so many interesting particulars relative to that sanguinary conflict, which decided the final downfal of the enemy of God and man, and reflects so much credit on the writer as a soldier and a Christian, that I have no doubt of its proving acceptable to the readers of your elegant Miscellany. I am, &c. J. B.

Camp, Bois du Bologne, Paris,
29th July, 1815.

SIR,—My departure from England was very sudden: I had not the happiness of seeing you; but I received your kind note, which, amidst the sufferings of my mind, in parting from a beloved wife and very dear children, helped to revive me. I can truly say, I never so much regretted a separation from my wife and family, and God's church and people. After having been so long absent in Holland, Sicily, Spain, and France, I thought Europe was weary of war, and that I was safe and comfortably situated with my family at home; but the Lord says, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, and put not confidence in uncertain riches; but trust thou in the living God." Yet, amidst all the sufferings of my mind in parting from my friends, I felt it my duty to go in search of that enemy of peace, the Tyrant of the World; and, if it were required, to die in the cause; for I was fully sensible we were defending truth and justice. Our object was Europe's peace and happiness; and I was confident that God had only permitted the evil to bring about a greater blessing, which I hope is nearly accomplished, though it has cost much blood. While we

lay at Hovis, near Enghien, in the Netherlands, I opened a place for our religious duties, where many found it their privilege to attend. It was tolerably well filled. Although, when in close contest with the enemy, we are obliged to desist from our public meetings, on account of our duties; yet, we then, as often as possible, commune with each other; and I am happy to say, that only one of our society was killed (Serjeant Silver, third regiment of Guards,) and three wounded; two are doing well; the other I have not yet heard of. Serjeant-Major Dixon* and Serjeant Rippon, wounded on the 16th June, are both doing well.

On the 16th June we marched at four o'clock in the morning the distance of about twenty-four miles, and then rushed into action. The Lord gave us great strength, both of body and mind, on that day, and through the whole of our labours. We arrived just in time, or the enemy would have forced the Belgians. With one hour and a half's hard fighting, we maintained our position, with some little advantage, but our loss was great.

As you have received a more perfect account in the public dispatches, I shall only, as briefly as possible, insert a few facts which have not yet been mentioned.

On the 18th of June, the day of Waterloo, we took up a good position, at the same time leaving the enemy one they would accept. We opened on the enemy seven guns before they returned an answer; then most tremendously the action commenced, but God was with us.

I addressed my company in a few words, to "be steady and attentive to orders—keep perfect silence—and put your whole trust in God's help, for he is with us;—be strong and determined;—use all your skill in levelling;—make sure your mark,—and in the charge, use all your strength;—and you shall see by the close of this day's sun, your enemies fly, and the shout of victory shall be yours." I felt my mind stayed upon God; and my confidence was so firm, that neither the thunder of our enemy's cannon and musquetry,—nor the boast of his guards,—nor the threats of his cavalry (in mail), either alarmed my breast or concerned my mind; God, I knew, was my Father, my shield, and refuge. I cannot say that I attempted to boast myself with confidence of escape unhurt, as I now experience; but this one thing I knew, my peace was made with God, having a bright evidence in my own soul; and that while I lived I would play my part for the victory. It was the Sabbath-day; and while you were praising and praying to the King of Glory in his church, I was doing the same in the field of blood: I was truly in the spirit of a Christian and of a soldier on the Lord's day.

The enemy fired round shot and shell,—grape and canister,—and new horse-nails, tied up in bundles, nine bundles in a gun; these I saw and handled on the 19th. Unlawful carnage: but the portrait of the man is blood, murder, and desolation! My eyes have seen much.

* Serjeant-Major Dixon, having long maintained an exemplary character, has, since the battle, received a commission, and is now adjutant in the Derbyshire militia.

Sir, I have the happiness to serve in the third battalion of the first Guards, who in a particular manner distinguished themselves, determined to shout "Victory!" or return no more; and God blessed their endeavours. Our third battalion and a battalion of rifle of the K. G. L. (say 1200 men) advanced 300 paces in front of the whole line, into a valley which lay between the two positions, and within 100 yards of about 6000 cavalry and 3000 infantry of the enemy. They viewed us with astonishment; and to prove that God had filled them with fear, they formed square, and neither charged nor fired upon us, except from the heights of their position; but we suffered much from those guns. We remained firing at them for half an hour, and then retired into our post in line. The cavalry (in armour) charged us many times in the course of the day, but made no impression; we repulsed them with great slaughter. We never fired at the cavalry till they came within about 30 yards of us. Towards the evening, Bonaparte directed against us his choice 105th regiment; and in half an hour we cut them all to pieces, and took one stand of colours. He then sent against us his Grenadier Imperial Guards; they came within 100 yards of us and ported arms to charge; but we advanced upon them in quick time, and opened a brisk file fire by two ranks; they allowed us to come within about 30 yards of them—they stood till then, looking at us, as if panic-struck, and did not fire; they then, as we approached, faced about and fled for their lives, in all directions—they did not like the thought of the British bayonets, for we had just commenced the charge—they ran very fast, but many of them fell, while we pursued, and with them one stand of colours; and I have the honour to wear a colonel's sword of the French Imperial Guard*.

* The serjeant, in a letter to his wife, had mentioned a particular fact of his waving an officer's coat, and cheering the men in a critical moment of the battle. A friend who had seen this letter made some inquiry respecting the circumstance; and the serjeant, in a subsequent letter, adds the following particulars:—

"When the French 105th regiment advanced up the low ground, their cannon at the same time raked us with grape, canister, and horse-nails; and our line at two different times was so shattered that I feared they could not stand: in fact, I was for a moment really afraid they would give way; and if we had given way it would have gone hard with the whole line, as our third battalion and the rifle battalion of the K. G. L. were the manœuvre of the day. Our officers exerted themselves to the very uttermost, as also the serjeants. Major-General Maitland, Colonel Lord Saltoun, Colonel Reeve, and Brigade-Major Gunthorp, were in the front face of the square, in the hottest part of the contest. Our loss at this time was most tremendous. It was at this juncture that I picked up Ensign Purdo's coat, which was covered with his blood, lying on a horse. The ensign belonged to our battalion; he was killed and stripped by the plunderers during some of our manœuvres. I stepped about twenty-five paces before the line and waved the coat, cheering the men, and telling them, that while our officers bled we should not reckon our lives dear. (I did this a second time when the Imperials came up against us, and I believe it had its desired effect.) I thought

Though not mentioned in the dispatch (they all fought so well), yet it was our third battalion of the first Guards, and the rifle battalion of the K. G. L., that first completely turned the day in our favour. When the Imperial Guards, the dependence of Bonaparte, ran, his defence departed from him, and his whole line, as has been stated, became confusion. Much to the honour of his grace (as in every case throughout the day), he seized the moment, and in the space of five minutes formed a line in the valley for a general charge, and then the shout of "Victory! victory!" was heard. The very elements rang with voices and cannon on Britain's side—and what was my shout? In a loud tone of voice, I cried out, "Glory be to God! he is with us! I now rejoice. My prayers are answered fully, and my labours crowned!"

The fight, at one time, was so desperate with our battalion, that files upon files were carried out to the rear from the carnage, and the line was held up by the serjeants' pikes, placed against the rear: not for want of courage on the men's part (for they were desperate,) only for the moment our loss so unsteadied the line*.

I lost of my company, killed and wounded, three officers, three serjeants, and 54 rank and file out of 97. Several of them, after their wounds were dressed, returned to the field, and fought out the battle.

It will rejoice your heart to hear that the Methodists in this action have completely refuted the slanders propagated against them, respecting which Mr. Griffiths wrote to me. (I answered his letter, and have no objection that my answer should be published.) Our names are known and our conduct seen. Our surviving officers may be referred to; and on inquiry it will be found, that we who fear God, love

if any thing would stimulate the men, this would be effective. An officer having just sacrificed his life for his country's safety, ours were pledged for the same. The men fought with all their might; and in half an hour, as I mentioned, we cut the 105th regiment all to pieces, and took one stand of colours. Had I known, however, that the coat would have been mentioned farther than to my wife, I should not have inserted it, but let that well known fact have been mentioned by others. I do not like to commend myself, as this is empty praise; I only mention facts to describe the manœuvres, and our thoughts and experience, and how the action terminated. I had nothing in view but the safety and honour of my country, and to *conquer* or *die*. God knows my heart; and through his merciful support I feared no man; no, nor death itself, nor any thing in league with it. I believe this was the animated spirit of the British line, and they did their duty; but no more. This our country expects, and is ever worthy of.

* In a subsequent letter the serjeant mentions, that "the serjeants placed their pikes against the men's backs in line (for they were getting eight or ten deep), and bore them up by their shoulders by main strength. Some of the men kept up firm in the line, but others fell back to get out ammunition, and others were begging ammunition in the rear as all their own was spent, which, with our continual loss, quite unsteadied the line; so the pikes were intended to prevent any from falling back for ammunition, as we wanted the men to use the bayonet, for now depended the honour of Britain, and the safety of Europe."

our king, and have fought his battles with undaunted courage, and (according to our rank) have as great a share of the honour of that day as any part of the line; and C. W. is ready to meet and dispute with that gentleman, to vindicate the character of the religious soldier, on his return from the field of blood to the land of peace.

O! how happy was my soul (even in the sea of blood) in Britain's cause and Europe's safety! I do not know that I ever experienced greater peace and serenity of mind, and such a confidence that the arm of God was stretched out in our behalf; that he was in the midst of us, and gave wisdom to our commander,—strength to our minds and bodies,—and confusion to our enemies.

I have, as colour-serjeant, stood by the king's colours from the moment of our march, till borne, in Britain's name, within the gates of Paris. Seven of our colour-serjeants entered the field, and there are only myself and one more that stand. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon his name; my tongue shall not cease to proclaim his mercy, nor my heart to adore his goodness.

The French behaved very ill to our prisoners on the 16th; several of our wounded the blood-thirsty cowards ran though with their bayonets and swords. (These were not the old soldiers we used to fight with.) Some have lived so long as to testify against them, and to shew us their wounds; but the British have in return rescued many of their enemies from death, and given them bread and water, and looked as much to their safety as to our own.

The duke has greatly endeared himself to the British soldiers; more so in these actions than in all before. I ever loved and reposed confidence in him as my commander; but the example he gave us on the 18th, and again on the 26th of June, was sufficient to inspire every man with that fortitude and determination, "With Wellington we will conquer, or with Wellington we will die!" He was continually on the first line, and frequently with our battalion. I have seen some of the enemy's cavalry charge within fifty yards of him. I prayed to God most earnestly for his protection; and I bless the Lord for his preservation. I hope his heart will rejoice in the fruit of his labour, giving God the glory due for his many signal victories.

I am happy to say, that Major-General Maitland is safe and well; he is an example to all around. I lament the sufferings of my late Colonel Cooke; he was severely wounded on the 18th; I pray God to spare his valuable life. You have often heard me speak of him.

But what shall I say in honour of my late Lieutenant-Colonel, William Miller—my great friend, my helper, a servant to the cause of Christ (in the Isla de Leon, and to his latest breath)? He is no more to be seen in this world: he was mortally wounded on the 16th of June, and on the 18th he breathed his last. As for Colonel Miller's attention to his company, none excelled. He was continually inquiring what could be done to make them more comfortable. "I do

not care for the expense," he would say, "money is no object to me." On the close of a day's march, his first care was to see his men comfortable, and then he considered himself; and after an absence of any time, his first inquiry was concerning their health and conduct. Before the enemy he was cool and deliberate, vigilant and brave, firm and determined; and on the 16th of June, at the head of his company in very close action, cheering his men, he received a wound in his breast, which proved mortal. As he passed to the rear, borne by four men, he said, "Let me see the colours." The last office I could do for him was to place the colours in Ensign Batty's hands, to pay him his funeral honours while living. He then said, "I thank you,—that will do;—I am satisfied." His meaning was, that he died for his country, and in a just cause.

I have lost my greatest friend, and my company a father, England a valuable officer, his parents a beloved son, and the church of Christ a friend; but may our loss be his eternal gain! Serjeant Clarke, who attended him, informs me that his last breath was prayer. I hope his soul is at rest! His labours of love and charity follow him. I shall see him no more in this world, but his name will be a lasting treasure to my heart. Believe me, sir, I never felt a loss like this before; I cannot find words to express the feelings of my heart. If there be a small vacant place in our valuable magazine, and you think it prudent, let his name fill it; and let the public know how we value a friend of truth, whether he be a Methodist or not. I should like our people to know, that an officer, a friend to God and the truth, hath, in the late glorious victory, sealed the justness of our cause with his blood.

I am very sorry for the commanding officer of our battalion and first major, Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable H. Townshend, who are severely wounded: they are most excellent officers and brave soldiers. May God in mercy restore them shortly to health!

On our march to Paris, we passed through a most beautiful and fruitful country; we met with but little opposition. At Peronne, on the 26th of June, after a long day's march, on our arrival, his grace gave the first brigade a job. Our second battalion carried fascines, and the third battalion stormed the out-works in a most masterly manner, and the citadel surrendered immediately. Major-General Maitland commanded; and here again the duke was himself in the midst of it. It has been expressed that our beloved commander is not much exposed. I can fully contradict that assertion, for he is often first, and always in the midst: he will not permit others to do his duty. I believe Britain is his treasure, and his life he has pledged for its safety.

The Prussians fight exceedingly well. When we arrived off Paris, they shouted for joy, and the French trembled.

Several villages on the road were deserted, for which the inhabitants suffered the loss of all things. Protection was given to those that remained: much damage has been done to the corn. France, by her deceit, licentiousness, and abomi-

nable wickedness, has gathered this cloud over herself; and it has burst upon her head, and no doubt many now repent their folly. The appearance of religion is not seen; and to speak of it, is foolishness to them. The sabbath is not known by that solemn worship which is due to God; it is only known by pleasure: and as for common decency, it seems to be very trifling. The element of the trades-people is imposition. In Paris all is peace and tranquillity, a good reason why. But the people tell us, "As soon as you are gone, we shall be Frenchmen again." I think the only thing we can do, is, to guarantee the outposts of this country by ourselves and allies, until they have destroyed the fortifications, arsenals, and military depôts of arms, &c. and leave only what may be necessary for internal defence. However, I hope God is with the sovereigns and ministers in Paris, as he was with us at Waterloo, and in all our undertakings; and that peace may be settled upon a good foundation.

As to the fortifications which Bonaparte boasted of around Paris, I neither consider Mont Martre nor any other to be worth notice; not a tenth part of those at Peronne. The entrance into the city and the palace is most beautiful, as also the triumphal arches and picture-gallery; and Napoleon's brazen monument of Ambition, wreathed with trophies of victory, and homage paid him from the different countries he conquered. There is a small vacant place near the top, and the people tell us it was intended to place Britannia there. But in his presumptuous thought he falls; his strength and glory depart; he sues at the feet of our sovereign for mercy, and proves himself to be no more a monarch, but a captive thrall.

We soldiers feel thankful for the gracious thanks given to us by our Sovereign, his Ministers, and the Honourable Houses of Parliament of our beloved country, for our zealous exertions at Waterloo, and glorious victory God has crowned us with. Be assured, sir, we feel this as an invaluable treasure; it warms our hearts. There is only one remark, or rather a proposition, made by Sir Francis Burdett, we avowedly disapprove; which was, at that momentous height of joy to introduce the scene of flogging. Had the hon. baronet moved, that the House should have taken into consideration the valuable services the troops had rendered their country at Waterloo, and the addition of a small pension when they pass the board at Chelsea, Sir Francis would have been a friend; but as for the other, as proposed, we disapprove. For instance, if any part of the line had not stood firm, determined to conquer or die, but had left the field and gone to Brussels, Sir F. I suppose, would not have these men flogged! Well, I will agree then with him, that they should be hanged, and every coward who quits his post, and flies from the face of his enemy, exposing his comrades to their mercy, or leaving them in the field; but the good soldier consents to the law, that it is wholesome and good. I approve of the last amendment respecting cowards, and I think it cannot be amended.

We had a grand review of all the British, Hanoverian, and Bel-

gian troops, on Monday last. It was a beautiful sight. The Emperor of Russia was there, and many others of distinction, and his Grace the Duke of Wellington on his right. The day the emperor arrived and saw the duke, he fell upon his neck and kissed him, and wept, in the presence of the guard.

I must conclude with noticing the great kindness of our society in Westminster on my departure, and their unceasing prayers and inquiries: I am much indebted to them; my heart is with them. It comforts me to find I have such friends unsought. It proves to me that God is my friend, and will not leave my family comfortless. I hope soon to see all my friends on that peaceful shore, where the widow and fatherless are visited, the distressed relieved, the poor comforted, and where his Gospel shines in its meridian light, amongst that people in whom God delights to dwell. I shall then be able to give you a better account than at present.

I am well in health, and feel my soul alive to God. I have a hut built, and an altar erected unto the Lord. My few brethren are well; their experiences all agree in the blessed help they received in the late actions—peace with God, and a full persuasion that he had a right to dispose of them as seemed good unto him. Now they are preserved, they agree to live to and for God. We expect to go into barracks at Paris in a few days, and then I hope to be able to open a place for divine worship, and in my next to give you a more full account of the blessed cause in which my soul delights; but I must confess I never felt the separation from God's people in England as I have on this service. Though I am blessed with great strength of body and mind, and union and communion with God, yet my heart is at home. Oh! happy, happy England! if thou didst but know thy exaltation and privileges, both great and small would love and adore the Author of all thy mercies! I am, sir, your most dutiful and obliged servant, C. W.

Colour-serjeant, 3d battalion, 1st Foot Guards.

To J. B. Esq. London.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Marche suivie de Variations sur l'Air "Will you come to the Bower," dediées à Miss Cockburn, par Fred. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 3s.

IN the march (four sharps) which precedes these variations, Mr. K. has given full scope to that rich and exuberant fancy, and that florid elegance of expression, which are generally observable in his works. The subject, which properly begins only with the third line, is not altogether of a novel cast, but its effective harmonic support, and, above all, the classic superstructure reared upon it, infuse the highest interest into the whole movement: the modulations in the second and third pages, especially the fine transition to C major, *p.* 2, are of the first order. The theme of the variations, "Will you come to the Bower," is well known to all our readers: in the propounding of it, Mr. K. has permitted himself some little devia-

tions from the authentic melody. The first variation is cast in continual semiquaver passages of agreeable fluency, and well supported by the accompaniment of the left hand. Var. 2 appears to us to swerve too freely from the theme, of which it barely gives a hint; but, considered without reference to the subject, its conception and contrapuntal arrangement are exquisite. The same aberration from the melody is perceptible in the minor var. No. 4; but here, too, the science and skill displayed in the successive harmonic combinations make ample amends for the departure from the subject. Var. 3 follows the melody with fidelity, and derives spirit and marked precision from the demisemiquaver rests, which continually break the progress of the right hand. In the 5th var. we have to applaud an excellent running bass; and the broken chords in var. 6 produce a brilliant effect. The 7th and last var. consists of a presto, disposed in triplets, and serves as a coda, which leads to a shewy and satisfactory termination.

Non Felicior alter. Festa Epitalamica Pastorale per le Reggie Nozze di S. A. R. la Principessina Carlotte di Galles, col Serenissimo Principe di Sassonia Coburgo, le Seguenti Composizioni sono umilmente dedicate a S. A. R. il Principe Regente, a S. A. R. la Principessina Carlotte di Galles, ed al Serenissimo Principe Leop. di Sassonia Coburgo, da loro umili e fedeli Servitori Leucippo Egineo, *et dal* Cav. Marescotti. Pr. 6s.

To such of our readers as are not sufficiently conversant in the Italian language to translate the above title, we have to state, that this is a poetical effusion, set to music, in celebration of the nuptials of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. The whole forms a sort of operatic interlude, the persons of which are shepherds and shepherdesses, Apollo, the Muses, &c.; and the music consists of airs, duets, and choruses. From these, we must own, we have derived considerable entertainment. All are written in a very pleasing Italian style of harmony, with much diversity of character, and, in some instances, with a very fair display of science and originality. The latter remark more particularly applies to the emphatic air of Apollo, "Da questo globo," &c. *p.* 10, which sets out in two sharps, and gradually arrives at such a number of flats (D b), that, in order to return smoothly to the original key, the key of C sharp is at once substituted for that of D flat. As the text required peculiar and striking expression, we feel perfectly satisfied with this part of the composer's labours. But we cannot so well explain the poet's intent, when, in the midst of the festivity, the Delian god, amidst peals of thunder, tells the shepherds, that he never saw a tyrannical disposition ascend to Heaven; on the contrary, that such a being is sure to be doomed to everlasting torments in the dark abyss of Tartarus. Surely this cannot have been meant as a hint!

Fare thee well! written by Lord Byron, composed by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Numerous and diversified as the attempts have been to melodize the above poem, we think none of the

musical competitors can boast of having furnished a production of superior merit, notwithstanding the text seems susceptible of a high degree of pathetic musical expression. The cause of the failure probably lies in the haste with which publications of this description are brought out, so as to have the start of rival performances, and, at all events, to overtake the fleeting impression of the day. Mr. Parke's labour before us, although not the least interesting of the several *Fare the well's* that have come under our cognizance, also bears, in our opinion, intrinsic evidence of the expedition with which it was put together. We meet with some attractive ideas, but they are abandoned before they are sufficiently developed: hence arises a want of symmetry in the phrases and periods. We likewise are of opinion, that, for a production of such small compass, there are too many parts of distinct character and metre to combine into a satisfactory whole. What would produce interesting variety in an extended cantata, is not equally admissible in a small song.

Hibernian Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-Forte, with an Introduction, composed, and dedicated to Miss Dalton, by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The andante which precedes the rondo is a sweet little movement, replete with pleasing melody in its first portion, and the latter half proceeds through fanciful passages of great elegance to a pause on C 7. The Irish air, which forms the subject of the rondo, contains a description of harmony (bar 4) which, as it is the property of the air itself, affords matter of surprise, that it should not have stood in the way of the choice of the subject altogether. However frequent it may be in Hibernian compositions to leap from the chord of F major to that of G minor, we shall never be able to reconcile our ear to such a harmony, which *virtually* contains both successive fifths and octaves, and which, when admitted into the works of such a master as Mr. C. obtains high authority in favour of its more general currency. This unfortunate bar, of course, makes its appearance at every repetition of the theme. In all other respects the rondo before us is worthy of the author's name. The digressive matter, which immediately follows the air, is tastefully conceived: an agreeable dolce, in the spirit of the motivo, intervenes, *p.* 3; after which several neat passages of semiquavers engage our attention. In the fourth page a very attractive and melodious part in two flats is inserted, in the course of which the right hand crosses into the bass with a happy effect.

Answer to "Jessy the Flower of Dumblane," composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte, by C. N. Smith. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The Scotch melody of this song is agreeable, and well adapted to the poetry. It is evidently an imitation of the tune of "Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane," composed by Mr. R. A. Smith, to which it professes to be an answer.

Roy's Wife of Alldivaloch, arranged for the Piano-Forte as a Rondo, with an Introduction, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Berjew, by T. Howell. Pr. 2s. 6d.

The introduction, in which the

subject of the rondo is judiciously glanced at, is conceived with taste, and altogether in good style. The same general remark applies to the next movement, which, upon the whole, however, seems to exhibit rather the character of an andante, interspersed with occasional variations, than that of a rondo. In point of general treatment and keeping, we have every reason to be pleased with this part of Mr. H.'s labours. The decorative amplifications are satisfactory; the subject is appropriately represented under various kindred keys, major and minor; and the harmonies are correct and effective. Mr. H. appears to have studied classic models with advantage and success.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

REMARKABLE APPARITION.

(From JAMES'S *Travels in Germany, Sweden, &c.*)

ON the subject of future destinies, it must be said that the Crown Prince (of Sweden) personally deserves every mark of gratitude that the nation can confer upon him, for his exertions, his spirit, his activity, his generosity: but there are still many parties friendly to the old dynasty, and, as to what may take place hereafter, I have too little skill in prophecy to hazard even a conjecture. Such persons as are desirous, however, to look into what is to come, may be amused by perusing the following narrative of an extraordinary vision of Charles XI. It is taken from an account written with his own hand, attested by several of his ministers of state, and preserved in the royal library. It contains, upon the whole, so curious a specimen of the mind and manner of one of the greatest Swedish monarchs, that no apology, I am sure, is needful for its introduction.

Charles XI. it seems, sitting in his chamber, between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, was surprised at the appearance of a light in the window of the hall of the diet: he demanded of the grand chancellor Bjelke, who was present, what it was he saw, and was answered that it was only the reflection of the moon: with this, however, he was dissatisfied; and the senator Bjelke soon after entering the room, he addressed the same question to him, but received the same answer. Looking afterwards again through the window, he thought he observed a crowd of persons in the hall: upon this, said he, "Sirs, all is not as it should be—in the confidence that he who fears God need dread nothing, I will go and see what this may be." Ordering the noblemen beforementioned, as also Oxenstiern and Brahe, to accompany him, he sent for Grunstern, the door-keeper, and descended the staircase leading to the hall.

Here the party seem to have been sensible of a certain degree of tre-

pidation, and no one else daring to open the door, the king took the key, unlocked it, and entered first into the anti-chamber: to their infinite surprise it was fitted up with black cloth: alarmed by this extraordinary circumstance, a second pause occurred; at length the king set his foot within the hall, but fell back in astonishment at what he saw: again, however, taking courage, he made his companions promise to follow him, and advanced. The hall was lighted up and arrayed in the same mournful hangings as the anti-chamber: in the centre was a round table, where sat sixteen venerable men, each with large volumes lying open before them: above was the king, a young man of 16 or 18 years of age, with the crown on his head and sceptre in his hand. On his right hand sat a personage about 40 years old, whose face bore the strongest marks of integrity; on his left an old man of 70, who seemed very urgent with the young king that he should make a certain sign with his head, which as often as he did, the venerable men struck their hands on their books with violence.

Turning my eyes, says he, a little farther, I beheld a scaffold and executioners; and men with their clothes tucked up, cutting off heads one after the other so fast, that the blood formed a deluge on the floor: those who suffered were all young men. Again I looked up, and perceived the throne behind the great table almost overturned; near it stood a man of 40, that seemed the protector of the kingdom. I trembled at the sight of these things, and cried aloud—"It is the voice of God!—What ought I to understand?—When shall all this come to pass?"—A dead silence prevailed; but on my crying out a second time, the young king answered me saying, "This shall not happen in your time, but in the days of the sixth sovereign after you. He shall be of the same age as I now appear to have, and this personage sitting beside me gives you the air of him that shall be the regent and protector of the realm. During the last year of the regency, the country shall be sold by certain young men, but he shall then take up the cause, and, acting in conjunction with the young king, shall establish the throne on a sure footing; and this in such a way, that never was before or ever afterwards shall be seen in Sweden so great a king. All the Swedes shall be happy under him; the public debts shall be paid, he shall leave many millions in the treasury, and shall not die but at a very advanced age: yet before he is firmly seated on his throne, shall an effusion of blood take place unparalleled in history.—You," added he, "who are king of this nation, see that he is advertised of these matters: you have seen all: act according to your wisdom."

Having thus said, the whole vanished, and (adds he) we saw nothing but ourselves and our flambeaux; while the anti-chamber, through which we passed on returning, was no longer clothed in black. "*Nous entrames dans mes appartemens, et je me mis aussitot à écrire ce que j'avois vu ainsi que les avertissements aussi bien que je le puis. Que le tout est vrai, je le jure sur ma*

vie et mon honneur, autant que le Dieu m'aide le corps et l'ame.

"CH XI. *aujourd'hui Roi de Suède.*"

"*L'an* 1691, 17 *Dec.*"

"*Comme temoins et presents sur les lieus nous avons vu tout ce que S. M. a rapporté et nous l'affermons par notre serment, autant que Dieu nous aide pour le corps et l'ame.* — H. J. BJELKE, *Gr. Chancelier du Royaume,* --BJELKE, *Sénateur,*--BRAHE, *Sénateur,*—AX. OXENSTIERN, *Sénateur,* —PETRE GRUNSTERN, *Huissier.*"

The whole story is curious, and well worth attention; but unless the young king's ghostly representative made an error in his chronological calculation, it will be difficult to reconcile the time specified with that which is yet to come. I can offer no explanation, and bequeath the whole, like the hieroglyphic in Moor's Almanack, to the better ingenuity of my readers.

RUSSIAN ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE.

THE police, from its inquisitorial nature, has infinite sources of gain; they sell the liberty of the press, defraud the stranger, plunder robbers of their stolen goods, and receive fees alike of the accuser and the accused. Provincial officers favour the wealthy merchant with the permission to introduce contraband goods; and again, out of the number of slaves sent by the seigneur for the imperial levies, they select the empty-handed peasant for military service: in the former case, the agents of the custom-house step in also for their due share of pillage; in the latter, the surgeons and procureurs follow *pari passu* the example of their superiors. It would be endless to attempt a catalogue of their enormities, all of which, nevertheless, custom has sanctioned with, as it were, a prescriptive right. The sums paid are regarded only as regular fees or perquisites of office: the functionaries themselves have been bred up with the knowledge of no other system, and are surprised to hear a foreigner say, that acts which are done openly every day can savour of illegality or injustice: in fact, they do but follow the principle and common basis of every branch of the Russian government.

It will be sufficient for illustration of these circumstances, to relate an anecdote or two connected with the administration of justice, as being the most material of the several public departments. An American merchant sought redress by law for some unfair dealings on the part of a Russian trader; the lawyer whom he retained, came to him on the second day after his application—"I have," said he, "opened the prosecution, and will fairly relate the present state of your case: the judge says your cause seems fair and equitable, and you offer 5,000 rubles to the court; he would, he admits, wish to incline to your side, but, on the other hand, the defendant offers 10,000. What can he do?" The American laid down immediately 10,000 rubles; it was taken to the *Tribunal of Justice*, and he triumphed over his opponent.

Another gentleman instituted a suit for the recovery of a debt, but offering no bribe, the case was of

course held to be perfectly clear, and he was non-suited: the defendant, in the plenitude of victory, then commenced a process against him for defamation, and damages were found to the amount of 300,000 rubles, with a farther punishment of a sentence to clean the sewers, because, forsooth, it was a Russian magistrate whose fair name had been thus brought into question by the object of the action. Upon this the gentleman appealed to a superior court, but with ill success; they confirmed the verdict, and still farther added to its iniquity by sentencing him to undergo flagellation. The matter now grew serious, and he made application through a high quarter to one of the presidents of the senate; the cause was again heard, but the result was of another nature: the sentences of the former tribunals were instantly reversed, the debt recovered, and the officers that had sat in judgment on him, came in a body submissively to beg his forgiveness, and entreat him to pursue the inquiry into their conduct no farther.

The acts of injustice were not, however, committed merely because the appellants were foreigners; for the ordinary conduct of the courts towards the native Russians is of a stamp precisely similar. A few years since a relation of Prince —— came from Moscow to claim his patrimonial inheritance, that was withheld from him by his guardian. Arrived at Petersburg, he met by accident with one of the highest officers of the law on a visit at the house of a relation, and, after some conversation on different matters, ventured to open his case to him: he received for an answer, that his suit might probably occupy eight or ten years' consideration; "but," added he, "follow my advice, sacrifice a part of your property to save the rest, and you shall be put in possession in the course of as many days." He then wrote down a list of fees to be paid to the several members of the court (himself included), and gave it to the young nobleman, who, on his part, obeying this friendly monitor, came on the following day as plaintiff to the senate with his petition, and presented each of these functionaries with the sum specified, wrapped up in the body of his papers. The event exceeded his expectation; in four days an award was given in his favour.

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

(From Colonel KEATINGE's *Travels in Europe and Africa.*)

SAADI HOMED EBN ABDALLAH, the present sultan (1785), is never seen but on horseback. Hence it can only be generally judged that he is very tall, meagre, and large-boned. When he goes out in his carriage, a common English four-wheeled post-chaise of yellow colour (casually to be sure, but yellow is the vindictive tinge, the drapery of Scythian Mars, and said to have been affected by his majesty's ancestors when they set out upon their blood-letting excursions), drawn by one horse or mule, and the only wheeled vehicle in the country, the blinds are drawn up. Slaves also run before the carriage,

with long and heavy sticks, to drive obtruders to their due distance. Some courtiers and relations by blood, Xeriffs, run by the side of it; and his majesty's negro guards, on foot, not in rank and file, nor in mass, but in an order somewhat between the two, bustle after. Of course it will be perceived, that exterior dignity, all not personally inherent, is completely laid aside. On the whole, it is indeed a most unregal *cortège*, and gives a very different impression from the mounted appearance of the monarch, which altogether is oriental and military. This sultan is grandson of Muley Ishmail, whom he, in several instances, considerably resembles; but not, however, in a sanguinary disposition. But he is, as part of the regal office, grand executioner of the state: as in some countries the throne is the fountain of mercy, here it is the altar of expiation for guilt. Shooting, beheading, maiming, and dismembering, all are executed as the monarch awards upon the spot; for he is always present. It must be recorded to his honour, that, contrary to the practice of his predecessors, all these ultimate awards are dealt out with a mitigated hand. Thus dismemberment is now the usual punishment for crimes whereby death is supposed to be earned. The hand or foot is usually amputated. Boiling pitch is the grand panacea. Surgery is nearly put on the shelf by the adoption of this mode. It obviates all necessity for bandages, tourniquets, or dressings. A kettle of it is at hand over the fire, the stump is dipped into it, and the criminal limps off as well as he can, no further inquiry being made concerning him. The most assiduous and dexterous thief in Tangier, was a man who had thus lost both his hands by the stroke of justice, and preserved his life by the foregoing process. Thus, of course, it will be perceived that his incorrigibility was on a par with his other qualities. No character on classical record in this way has ever equalled him, for the great hero of antiquity in the thieving line was eminent by his physical forces. As Witherington used his stumps to fight on, so this head of the profession used his to sweep the loose change off the shop counters in the bezaar into the folds of his clothing; and it may be supposed he did not fail to make good use of his legs while they were left to him. Some deny the statement, that this sultan's hand had no tinge of blood upon it, and assert the contrary as eye-witnesses to reiterated instances. Such is the reliance to be placed on human testimony! For it is a strict fact, that he never did put a man to death with his own hand. The real case is, that the leaning bias of mankind, narrators and audience, to the worst side of the story, is such, that we may very logically conclude, a favourable tale, having nothing but its truth to recommend it to favour, is most probably possessed of that ill-received quality to sustain it; although, indeed, truth and probability combined are unfortunately very feeble powers to drag their charge against the force of the moral current. This may induce us to strike off a round number or so from the items in the account against his majesty's uncle and predecessor, Homed Debby;

but in regard to himself, it must be admitted, that the charge has been very near capability of substantiation. Despotism has not succeeded to emasculate the Moor. One of his officers, thinking himself wronged by him, expressed himself so firmly in the royal presence, that the sultan, enraged, drew his sabre, and cut him on the head with a so definitively intended effort, that the weapon, by the violence of it, flew out of his hand. The officer took it from the ground, wiped, and presented it to his master to finish the business; which impressive instance of resigned resolution so struck the despot, that he relented, sheathed his sword, and took him into favour ever after. If, however, he be compunctious as to life, the like cannot be by any means said in his praise in regard to property; and as acquisition is the predominant passion of the Moor (what a foundation for national advance!) and he values his possession more than his life, several instances have occurred of desperation excited on such occasions. Thus, in regard to court favourites, so far as dealings with foreigners are concerned, the golden rule the sultan acts by (or he is foully belied), is to affix a *minimum* upon the possible receipts, by way of bribery or otherwise, of those who have the happiness of basking (it is no place for slumbering) in the sunshine of his favour; and he imposes his taxes on them by this scale. He thus, at least, cannot charge them with mercenary views: if he did so, they might retort with justice equal to Ancient Pistol on his master, "Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen-pence?" The present sultan has a shrewdness not to be deceived. He evidently is of opinion, that the worst people in his dominions are those that aggregate about his own person, and he treats them accordingly. Thus his chief vengeance, confiscation, upon that most convenient political principle (since adopted in Europe) of making crimination a source of revenue, is unremittingly enforced on them; whereas death, or corporal suffering, is inflicted on the lowest classes with comparative lightness. In his various points of concurrence with his predecessor Ishmail, he is noticeable in thinking, or appearing to think, no trouble too great to obtain a quiet life by. This idea affords a clue, at least, to most of his habits. Ishmail, too, concurred with him in his idea of mankind, when he compared himself and his subjects to a man carrying rats in a sack: "If he do not keep the bag continually shaking, they will eat their way out."

DEGRADED STATE OF THE JEWS IN MOROCCO.

Little has been as yet said of the Jews, frequently as they present themselves here to a stranger's notice. None can be more important among the people of this country to a European, for on them he is obliged in almost every respect to depend. By them it may almost be said he is to live. They afford a lamentable instance of the depth

to which political degradation may morally debase human nature. The facts will speak for the causes. Under all their vexations, their honourable attachment to their religion is as inflexible as elsewhere. Christians renegade daily; or, if they do not, it is for want of encouragement: but such a thing is unknown among the Jews. It is probable, however, Mohommedism would not permit itself to be polluted by the introduction of a Jew convert, any more than it would feel a triumph in making one. However, they perform their ritual in their synagogues here, to the honour of the established religion, unmolested by outrage or mockery. Men and women, at their service, recite prayers with somewhat of a musical cadence, nodding the head as if keeping time. They have no objection to the appearance of strangers at their religious ceremony. The rabbi also reads and expounds to his flock the holy writings. It appears as if with them the exercise of their religion was a compensation for every evil in life. How great, how diffusive a blessing! They afford a revenue to the state for their toleration, as subjects, paying a capitation tax on all males who have reached the age of puberty. This capitation-tax is a kind of political protection. They are at worst not the outcasts of the state, although they do not soar to the degree of *serfage*. If the period of payment be disputed, a string is put round the lad's neck, and afterwards doubled in length and put in his mouth: if then, and thus, it pass over the head, he is deemed an object of taxation; if otherwise, not. This procedure passes under the inspection of the heads of the Jew nation here, who rate each individual, or ought to do so, according to his ability to pay, and thus make up the sum required. Each Jew appears in person to pay his quota; and this being done, a Moor touches him on the head with a switch, and says, "Jump:" whereon the Jew goes away. It is remarkable how these people here delight in personal finery, almost equally as it is by what means they acquire or retain it. Young and old, although they hardly dare venture to stand still or look around them in the streets, from fear of personal outrage, will have an ample stock of splendid clothing (totally indifferent as to the selection or blendings of costume), in which they cannot venture, however, to be seen beyond their own doors! The opposite neighbours, for instance, at Mogodor, of this description, were frequently observed passing a whole day, a sabbath or holiday for instance, on their house-roof; the women loaded with trinkets of value, or glitter at least; the men in velvet, and laced like Spanish admirals, but their whole clothing from head to foot arranged in the most whimsical combinations or contrasts. For instance, on a man a greasy night-cap on the head, just barely showing that it had once been white, surmounted by a great three-cocked hat with a broad gold lace! Any one who has visited these countries will hardly require to be reminded of the beauty of the daughters of Israel. Ovid's characteristics are, however, still too applicable. All have fine eyes, most have fine features; nor is beauty so transient a flower with

them, or its loss a cause of such early regret, as in some other countries. The matron Jewess has that at her period of life, more powerful often singly, than with youth on its side. The widow often shines as preeminent amongst them as in the eyes of our Scandinavian ancestors of the cold shores of the Baltic. Unfortunately, they seem to hold no beauty of complexion in estimation, save that which is the result of their own labour. In consequence, the colour-box is a great deal too much recurred to, and distant effect much more studied than closer investigation will bear out. As to the little managements to give relief to the eyes, this is no way exceptionable; but the use of white paint is deleterious in a high degree. As before observed, notwithstanding all this, a Jew is not permitted to appear withoutdoors save in black, a colour of evil omen in Moorish eyes. Avidity to obtain, and art to conceal money, are the main stimuli of action with this people, and the tendency of their industry and earliest education. From among them, chiefly, the Christians take their domestic servants; because, although not so cleanly, they are less scrupulous about forms than the Moors. As a community, they are subject to every oppression. So circumstanced, it is unnecessary to add, that, as individuals, they must of course be daily subject to every injury. A Mussulman child of eight years of age already begins to exert his early-felt power to tyrannize, and reviles in premature malignity, by abusing, striking, and stoning the Jew, whose hand, he has already been told, if raised against him, is infallibly cut off. It may well be judged what must be the effect upon a community, in point of depravation, always to see at hand a people the ready inviters, by their debased political situation, and convenient conductors, of the ebullitions of the vilest, but at the same time earliest, and certainly most universal, emotions of the human mind. How the tyrant is degraded in the scale of human nature, in comparison with the unfortunate slave to whose lot of life it has fallen to be domineered over! But Christians and freemen—so seductive are example and impunity—will assume the Moor here; and so inconsistent is human nature, the chivalrous spirit will then seize the Mohommedan, and make him step forward as a protector of the weak and prostrate! Such things are; for they have been. A Moor cannot (and these are the rights, liberties, and privileges of the nation, to which these people are as much attached, and have as strong an impresson of, as Britons can for the souls of them be, or have, for theirs,) be put to death for killing a Jew, although he may for killing a Christian. The one is an outcast race endured for convenience; the others are only natural enemies—a wide distinction in the scale of human rancour. If a Moor, *pour se désennuyer*, just for a little innocent amusement, he means no more, or, in other words, to indulge the play of malignity, goes into a Jew's house, disturbs his family, and grossly insults the women, the Jew dare not insinuate to him the slightest hint, that his walking out as soon as suited his convenience would be any way ac-

ceptable. He must view and be conscious of all without a frown, or still less a murmur; either would be considered and revenged on the spot as an insult. A Moor may beat a Jew as severely and as long as he pleases, without being called on to assign any reason for it. Children are seen to strike them in the streets, for passing them disrespectfully, or, as they term it, giving them ill treatment. They are obliged to walk barefooted by the door of every mosque, and also by those of the houses of the officers of state, unless they should be elevated to the dignity of a Christian's servant, in which case they are exempted. Their religion prohibiting the use of any food not killed by themselves (the importance annexed to this process of human life extends amongst other ancient nations as well as this), causes a positive internal association amongst themselves, which is adhered to with a rigidity of which rare specimens to like effect can be boasted by Christians or Mohommedans. The Jew interpreter of the English embassy, by name Isaac, in compliance with the law, which admits of no dispensations, would eat nothing but eggs on his route, from the time he left Morocco until he reached Tangier; and, had he not met with them, would certainly have died sooner than have broken his fast. The treatment of this nation in England, *mutatis mutandis*, was little better than here, as may be seen in "*Anglia Judaica*," and the "Chronicles." It is not consistent with the historical dignity which ever must be the historian's first object (truth owes about as much to history as science does to the classics), as it is (like the master's honour in those of his servant, according to Swift,) in his hands, to notice such a trifle as a massacre of eight or ten thousand incorrigible unbelievers, deaf to argument and blind to fact. It is therefore useless to look for information in that quarter. But facts are stubborn, and must make people weigh well, before they may feel authorized to throw exclusive censure on others. But the motive, to be sure, was good: a murdered infant was found in a ditch; and this was Jew-work, in mockery of our Saviour's crucifixion. Engravings to similar effect are at this moment in circulation in Spain. Such is the cordial propensity to halloo man on to persecution! But in the situations now recited, this wretched community furnishes a lamentable proof of the folly of a people venturing upon the acquisition of property, under any state, without being duly guarded by the possession of an adequate proportion of weight in the balance of political power, whatever form that latter may happen to bear.

Among the extraordinary traits of character which mankind presents, and which are, perhaps, no where more strongly marked than in this very country, and the people now under observation, some may think it not the least so, that one so completely prostrate in the dust should show sentiments of emotion and resentment in the face of power: and yet such is the inconsistency of man, that this has been the case, and recently. A few days before the arrival of the embassy at Morocco, a Moor murdered a Jewish merchant, cut his body

in pieces, and threw them into the shafts or ventilators of the aqueducts in the plain. The Jews of Morocco, with a zeal and energy hardly to be expected from a people so circumstanced, and which show the stuff yet latent in the nation, by a most active sedulous search, in spite of power, awe, or connivance, discovered the murderer, who was seized and thrown into prison, where it was intended to have punished him, not capitally, because in this respect the monarchy is a limited one, but by a severe bastinading, which, it is to be observed, may be so managed as to have all the effect of death. The Jews, however, in the interim, under a strong sense of the wrong sustained, collected in crowds around the palace, and clamoured for justice. Inclined towards the heaven-descended principle as the sultan then was, when his ears were assailed by this unaccustomed sound, and he learned that it was these infidels who had dared to raise their voices around the precints of royalty, he ordered his guards forthwith to beat them home to their quarter; an order which they had a great deal too much at heart not to execute, *con amore*, with an unmerciful punctuality of obedience and energy. And to their quarter they were, for this indiscretion, confined on the arrival of the embassy in this city; in consequence of which its throngs surpassed imagination. The opportunity was not omitted of imposing a heavy fine on them. Crimination a source of public revenue, delinquency an object of fosterage as a prop of the state, private vices public benefits, all the political jesuitry of Europe, will meet countenance on this side of the Straits. All labours here beneath Mohommedans devolve on the Jews; such, for instance, as carrying a Christian through the surfs of the Atlantic, burying executed criminals, supplying the calls of the menagerie; in fact, whenever power has a call for a scavenger, that office devolves upon the Jew. It does not require so strong a picture as that of a Jew of Morocco to make a Briton's mind revolt at the idea of slavery, nor is contempt a just sentiment towards the wretched beings so enthralled.

AFRICAN JUGGLERS AND SERPENT-TAMERS.

AMONGST other visitants to the embassy, at leisure hours, was a juggler. He had live serpents in a leathern budget: these he had made docile, and when enlarged, they meandered about the floor, keeping an harmonic action of cadence to the sound of his tabor and pipe. And he also bore upon his bare shaven head scorpions nestled under his turban, which ran in and out at the word of command; and he flourished his cups and balls with as much dexterity as is seen in Europe. His serpents were of various descriptions; some such, indeed, as have baffled all subsequent inquiry. Probably they could be found, were the special distinctives given, in the catalogue of those Libyan reptiles transmitted to us by Lucan. All that could be done on the occasion, in the way of ascertainment, amounted

only to prove that they were of the deaf adder species; for they did in good sooth listen to the voice of the charmer, although the wisdom of his charming was not powerful enough to touch dull mortal ears. Certainly the manner in which these animals' organs are affected by harmonic sounds, is very curious.

The serpent-tamers, who are somewhat distinct from the jugglers, although the two professions are by no means incompatible, exhibit in the streets to a circle of spectators. They take from a leathern budget, as before mentioned, seven or eight of these animals, which writhe around, whilst their master seems to hold with them a kind of discourse, which affords entertainment, apparently, to such who have the good fortune to understand it. At intervals, the man plays and sounds on a small flageolet, to which he makes motions of his body as if intended to imitate dancing. Part of what he did was evidently to irritate the reptile, which darted and bit at him with the greatest fury, whilst he handled and threw him about with perfect unconcern. One of these animals was truly malignity personified. It would be hardly possible for the ablest pencil to put into the worst of human or diabolical physiognomies, malignity exceeding that which is the impression of this outcast of creation. He advances obliquely and insidiously with the curvature of the body in front, to ensure his object, before he shows his teeth; and his eye ever indicates him possessed of design and inclination to use them to others' destruction. Another is black, and as harmless as Ancient Pistol; although it would not be altogether discreet to warrant the security of a Barbary hen within reach of his fangs. This reptile but half claims the name, for it keeps nearly that proportion of the length of the body erect. It has a very small proportionate head (the converse is the indicative of poison), and its sense of self-importance inflates the neck to a degree that might cause it to be thought immediate apoplexy must ensue. It is thus broadened, and proportionably, to appearance, flattened to the shape of the feather-edged part of an oar. This species is to be seen in the hieroglyphics of Egypt. The serpent tribe certainly possesses a great proportion of mind, bad and indifferent. The largest of all the various kinds seen exhibited, were six feet long and about four inches in diameter. The sound of the pipe draws the serpent from his retreat. The poison, they say, is extracted from their fangs by cotton-balls given them to bite on, and it takes time to form anew.

These exhibitors are not to be confounded with the sectarians of Sidna Ayssa (literally our Lord Jesus), who are frequently met with, having enormous vipers coiled round their arms, necks, and bodies. They are denominated after their founder Ayssa, a Scythic term, honorific, and in the sense of saadi or lord. These say, that their founder endowed them with power over all venomous animals. They certainly have command of them. With a witless kind of wit, expressed by a broad unmeaning stare, they thrust the animal, which seems stupified, in the faces of such as are

inadvertent enough to admit their approach. They bear a strange appearance, with their long, meagre, naked limbs, fatuitous countenances, and half a dozen of these animals of large size twining and hanging around them. This sect is distinguished by wearing a white cap, while the other Moors wear red ones. Once in the year these enthusiasts (they have not yet aspired to fanaticism) have their general meeting, which it is a service of danger to approach. Indeed about that season they are not safely to be met individually. They then seem really possessed, and are the most dangerous of maniacs. They fly at and tear with their teeth every object that they come across, animate or inanimate, that offends or excites their fancies. A band of them once attacked the house of a British merchant at Tangier; and although the inmates made a good defence, they would have been all destroyed had there not happened to have been in the house some powerful mastiffs of true English breed, which, being unchained against these naked wretches, soon brought them to their right senses by pinning them to the ground, to the general satisfaction of the peaceably inclined of every sect.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A GOWN of white soft satin, cut low all round the back and bosom. The skirt gored, and a good deal of fulness thrown behind. The body, which is disposed in small plaits, displays the shape, as our readers will perceive by our print, to very great advantage; it is trimmed round the bosom with a wreath of small white net roses, with a little tuft of pearl in the heart of each. Long loose sleeve, composed of white lace, and finished *à la Parisienne* with a rich double frill of lace at the wrists. The skirt is ornamented, in an exquisitely tasteful style, with a broad flounce of rich blond, surmounted by a wreath of roses and deep scollops of white net, the points of which are finished by bows of white satin ribbon. The effect of this trimming is uncommonly beautiful. Hair, cropped and curled full in the back of the neck, and dressed light, and much parted on the forehead: it is ornamented with a superb white ostrich-plume, at the base of which is an aigrette of diamonds. Neck-lace, ear-rings, and bracelets also of diamond. White satin slippers, and white kid gloves.

We have to thank the condescension of a lady of much celebrity in the fashionable world, to whom we are indebted for a sight of the very elegant and tasteful dress from which our present print is designed.

PLATE 11.—WALKING DRESS.

Round dress, composed of cambric, and trimmed with lace. The body is let in with a profusion of lace. Plain long sleeve, very full, except at the wrist, where the ful-

WALKING DRESS.

ness is confined by small plaits: the sleeve is finished by a double frill of lace. Over this dress is a pelisse of blue and white shot sarsnet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with white satin. For the form of the pelisse we refer our readers to our print. The sleeve, which is very full, is finished at the wrist by a cuff and bows of ribbon. The pelisse is made half high, and finished at the neck by a triple fall of rich lace: the throat is bare. White satin hat, of a form uncommonly novel and elegant; it is turned up a little in front, which gives it an air of peculiar smartness, and ornamented with flowers, disposed in a very novel and tasteful style. White kid gloves, and blue kid shoes. Parasol to correspond.

We are indebted for this tasteful dress to Mrs. Gill, of Cork-street, Burlington-Gardens.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair readers will perceive by our print, that pelisses are still considered as elegant for the promenade costume: cambric walking dresses, profusely trimmed with lace, are also in high estimation. We were particularly pleased with one which a lady of distinction took with her some days ago to Paris. The skirt was trimmed with three rows of cambric vandykes, edged with narrow lace, and finished by a heading, which was also edged with lace; the heading is drawn in three places with fine bobbin, and the drawings are put very close together. The body is made up to the throat, and that part of it which shades the bust is composed of narrow bands of cambric and letting-in lace, set in in the form of vandykes; and the lower part of cambric only, made tight to the shape, but with three small plaits put together, and then a plain space of about two inches between. A plain long sleeve, with lace let in byas, made very loose, but confined at the wrist by three drawings, each of which is edged with narrow lace. There is no ruff worn with this dress, but it is finished at the throat by a triple row of vandyked lace, exquisitely fine, but not broad, which falls over and leaves the throat bare. This dress has more of novelty than any we have seen for some time, and may be considered as a very elegant dishabille. When worn for the promenade, a long white lace veil is thrown over the bonnet, or a silk scarf over the shoulders.

The favourite walking bonnets are still composed of straw or Leghorn. We have perceived no alteration in their shapes since last month, but feathers have become much less general: our fair fashionables now wear either plain straw-colour ribbon, or else a bunch of flowers *à la Françoise,* in the style of the very elegant bonnet which we have given in our print.

Since writing the above, we have been favoured with a sight of the prettiest summer bonnet we have seen for some years: it is composed of fine clear muslin, the crown round, rather broad at top, but not high; the front, which is very deep, shades, without concealing, the face, and is finished by a row of broad fine lace set on very full. The shape of the bonnet is formed by drawings of white satin ribbon, and it is ornamented at the side by

a bunch of roses only. We understand that it was made from one of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte's; it is certainly an elegant, simple, and tasteful bonnet, and will, we have no doubt, continue a favourite during the summer months.

We have little alteration to notice in the carriage costume since last month: scarfs are still very much worn, but the Princess Mary's bonnet and spenser are higher in estimation. The spenser is singularly pretty; it is composed of blue satin, and trimmed with an intermixture of white satin and blue crape, which forms the prettiest fancy trimming we have ever seen. The back is of a moderate breadth and plain at top, but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist: the sleeve, which is plain, falls very little off the shoulder: there is a small cape, something in the form of a half-handkerchief, but very small, which comes only to the shoulder in front. The bonnet is composed of white satin and letting-in lace; its shape is that of a small French bonnet, but the manner in which the lace is let in gives it a novel appearance: it is trimmed with a large bouquet of different flowers, and tied under the chin by a white satin ribbon.

We observe that backs of immense breadth, and sleeves falling entirely off the shoulder, are exploded; backs are now made a moderate breadth, and the sleeve just touches the shoulder: this alteration is certainly for the better, because it displays the beauty of the shape, which has been rather disguised by the manner in which dresses were cut some months back.

In dinner dress, India muslin, and slight plain and striped sarsnets, are much in request, as is also spotted silk. Three-quarter high dresses, trimmed round the bosom with a triple fall of lace, or low dresses with the *fichu à la Duchesse de Berri*, are generally adopted in dinner dress: this *fichu*, which is composed entirely of lace, comes nearly to the throat, and is finished by a double quilling of lace. Long sleeves are very generally adopted in dinner dress. Trimmings have not varied since last month.

The patronage afforded by our illustrious princesses to British manufactures is an example well worthy of the imitation of the nobility; it is at present partially, and we hope will soon be generally, followed.

As our fair readers may be gratified by a description of the dress worn by her Royal Highness the Princess Mary on her nuptials, we subjoin an account of it. The dress is composed of silver tissue, superbly trimmed with two flounces of scolloped lama, worked in pineapple pattern, each flounce headed with three weltings of lama-work. The body and sleeves, which are worked to correspond, are trimmed, in a style perfectly novel, with beautiful Brussels point lace. The robe of silver tissue is lined with white satin, and trimmed round with a most superb border of lama-work, which corresponds with the dress; it fastens at the waist by a superb diamond clasp. Her Royal Highness's diamonds were peculiarly fine; her head-dress in particular, which consisted of a superb wreath of diamonds, was much admired; and the general effect of her dress

was strikingly beautiful. In the choice of her bridal attire, her Royal Highness has displayed that elegant simplicity of taste for which she has always been distinguished, and though the materials were the most magnificent that could be procured, there was nothing glaring, nothing heavy in the *tout-ensemble*, which was at once tasteful, elegant, and superb.

Full dress, except what is worn at court, which, in honour of her Royal Highness the Princess Mary's nuptials, is peculiarly brilliant, is at present simply elegant, rather than magnificent. White net, richly embroidered either in white or coloured silk, is in very high estimation; white satin, trimmed with blond, and white and coloured crapes and gauzes, are also in request. Embroidery is a great deal worn, as are also painted gauze or crape trimmings; and we have seen some elegant ball dresses ornamented with wreaths of myrtle leaves, composed of green crape. Long sleeves still continue extremely fashionable in full dress; it is true they are always composed of crape, lace, or gauze, but however light the material, they are certainly not appropriate to full dress. When the sleeve is worn short it is always very full, and in general of a moderate length. There is no other alteration in the make of dresses, than those we have already noticed in speaking of morning dress. The royal brace continues as much a favourite as ever.

The Princess Mary's mob, composed of white lace, and ornamented with fancy flowers, is in the highest estimation for half-dress. This very becoming cap is cut in such a manner as to display all the front hair, which is dressed in light loose curls on the forehead. The ends, which fasten under the chin, are very narrow, as is also the lace border, which is set on plain, except on the forehead, where it is very full. This elegant cap is the only novelty in half-dress since last month.

There has been no change in hair-dressing, nor in ornaments for the hair in full dress, since our last number.

In half-dress jewellery, we observe that white cornelian ornaments, intermixed with gold, are in very high estimation. There has been no change in full-dress jewellery since last month.

Fashionable colours for the month are, green, celestial blue, straw-colour, pale pink, and lilac.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 8.—DINING-ROOM WINDOW-CURTAINS.

Perhaps no furniture is more decorative and graceful than that of which draperies form a considerable part: the easy disposition of the folds of curtains and other hangings, the sweep of the lines composing their forms, and the harmonious combinations of their colours, produced a charm that brought them into high repute, but eventually occasioned their use in so liberal a degree, as in many instances to have clothed up the ornamented walls, and in others they have been substituted entirely for their more genuine

decorations, by which the rooms obtained the air of a mercer's or draper's shop in full display of its merchandize, rather than the well-imagined and correctly designed apartment of a British edifice: indeed, to so great an excess was the system of ornamental finishing by draperies carried, that it became the usual observation of a celebrated amateur in this way, that he would be quite satisfied if a well-proportioned barn was provided, and he would in a week convert it, by such means, into a drawing-room of the first style and fashion. So long as novelty favoured the application, this redundance was tolerated; but time has brought the uses of these draperies to their proper office of conforming to the original design, consisting of those architectural combinations that possess a far greater beauty, dignity, and variety, than draperies are capable of affording. The annexed plate represents part of a dining-room, in which curtains are so introduced, that the forms of the piers, imposts, and architraves, are not concealed by their projections, but in which they most elegantly occupy the station and quantity of space that properly belong to them. This furniture has been executed by Mr. G. Bullock.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN will publish, in the early part of August, the whole-length Portrait of H. S. H. the Prince of Saxe-Coburg, engraved by Mayer, after the picture painted by A. Chalon. That of H. R. H. the Princess Charlotte is in great forwardness, and is expected to be ready in the course of September.

Mr. Ackermann has also in great forwardness two large views of the Exterior of the Royal Exchange, from Cornhill, and the Bank of England, from the corner of Sweeting's-alley. They will appear, beautifully coloured, in the beginning of August.

The Memoirs of Mr. Sheridan, drawn from original documents, and illustrated by his own correspondence and that of his friends, with the history of his family, will appear in the course of the present month, from the pen of Dr. Watkins.

The Spanish Dictionary of Newman greatly improved by Mr. Brown, which has been so long in the press, is now nearly completed. The number of words added exceeds three thousand, including all the terms of art, manufactures, and commerce, many of which are to be found in no other dictionary whatever.

The author of the History of the House of Romanof, &c. has in the press, *Thoughts on the Poor Laws, and on the Improvement of the Condition and Morals of the Poor.*

On Thursday, July 11, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, with a great number of the nobility and gentry, met at Guildhall to witness the presentation of the freedom of the city, in boxes made of heart of oak, of the value of 100 guineas, to the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, and Gloucester, and the Prince Coburg.

After the performance of the ceremony of being sworn in, and the freedoms and boxes were presented, in the common hall, the chamberlain conducted the royal visitors to his parlour, to see the duplicates of the honorary freedoms and thanks for a succession of years. The writer of them being in the room, the chamberlain, in his usual handsome manner, was pleased to introduce Mr. Tomkins in terms highly respectable and gratifying. The Duke of Sussex, after many observations, asked if the freedoms in that room were all written by one hand, and how many years from the commencement? When his royal highness was told by Mr. Tomkins ever since 1776, he replied, "You must have felt yourself very happy in having had it in your power to transmit to posterity, in so ingenious and tasteful a manner, records so honourable to this country, and to the distinguished and revered characters who have so nobly exerted their exalted talents in its service." The Dukes of Kent and Gloucester, and Prince of Coburg, each expressed their surprise "at the beautiful variety displayed in the designs, and the powers of the pen;" and concluded "by congratulating the chamberlain in possessing the most interesting room, to a commercial city, in all Europe." There are fifty of these splendid ornaments, chronologically arranged. The first six written were unfortunately burnt.

Poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE RIVAL ROSES:"

A Poem, by Eliza S. Francis, Author of "Sir Wilibert de Waverley, or The Bridal Eve."

The choice retreat of Isadore
Was an old and mouldering tower:
In rude heaps, rough fragments lay,
And broken columns strew'd the way;
While rapid Derwent's dashing wave
  Reflected in his silver tide
The pile his waters loved to lave,
  With antique arches' ruin'd pride.
Reclining on a pedestal,
  That once a war-plum'd statue bore,
Seeming to mark the river's swell,
  Or gaze upon th' indented shore,
With musing air the maiden stood;
Yet thought she not of Derwent's flood,
Nor mark'd his winding bank so green;
Its varied beauties were unseen.
Her radiant locks of waving gold,
  Floated upon the buoyant gale,
Which first displaced the graceful fold,
  Then wafted off her light-wove veil;
No friendly shade remain'd to hide,
Of joy and love, the vermeil tide,
When Armyn's graceful form she spied.
He view'd her o'er with kindling eye,
Then eager spoke with ardour high:
"What secret cause, O maid divine!
Could make that orient blush arise?
And whence the brilliant beams that shine
Within those ever-charming eyes?
'Twas not disdain, say was it joy?
My fears relieve, or hopes destroy!"
Confused, surprised, the youthful fair
Blush'd as his tale of love he told:
No more he wore a brow of care,
A brighter future seemed unroll'd;
For all deceit, all art above,
The blooming maiden own'd her love.
Then Armyn vow'd, "Thy rolling tide,
Oh! rapid Derwent, flows away,
And yonder tower's stately pride
Now sinks in ruinous decay:
But, oh! my love shall firmly stem
  The tide of ill, or stream of woe,
And, as yon watch-light's fluttering flame,

Thro' life's dark scenes shall brightly glow;
And ne'er will absence have the power
To make my love for thee decay.
Yet, oh! dear beauteous Isadore,
No more at Glenmore can I stay—
To-morrow I must hence."—The maid
Averted then her tear-dew'd face;
He soothed her fears, and hush'd her grief,
Breathed hopes that time would bring relief,
And clasp'd her in a fond embrace.
With blushes, bursting from his arms,
She bade a hasty sweet farewell;
Then, with a sigh that seemed to tell
All love's regrets and fond alarms,
As shoots a silver star its ray,
When darting through the sky,
Its falling glories glancing play—
From the rapt minstrel's gazing eye
The beauteous maiden fled away!

Canto i.

DESCRIPTION OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Few were the dames that could defy
The radiance of young Edward's eye,
Where brightly arch, or gaily wild,
The playful Loves encurtain'd smiled.
Oh! who could meet his glances warm,
Or view his tall majestic form;
Could mark that form's attractive grace,
And scan the wonders of his face,
That to brave Edward could be cold,
If form'd of less than icy mould?
But while his words in ardent flow,
Gave to her cheek a livelier glow,
Fair Isadore's cold air repress'd
The hopes which flutter'd in his breast.
Yet not of ice the maiden's heart,
Well knew the fair Love's potent art;
Remembrance of the minstrel's charms,
The prince of power to please disarms,
His image still triumphant reigns,
And empire o'er her heart maintains.

Canto iv.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

As once, we read, on Ilium's sacred plain,
In pomp of power, the queen of battles stood,
With her own hand increased the heaps of slain,
And of Troy's chieftains spilt the bravest blood:
So Anjou's princess in the fight appears,
No host she dreads, no hero's arm she fears;
Like Pallas self, great Margaret seems to stand,
The falchion waving in her lifted hand;
And o'er her brow, with snowy feathers graced,
The beamy helm in shining pomp was placed.
"On, my brave troops!" with thrilling voice she cries,
While fiery ardour darted from her eyes;
"Let the Red Rose, once more triumphant, hail
The final downfall of its rival pale;
Let Lancaster's deep wrongs your zeal inspire,
Inflame your force, and kindle all your fire!
For Margaret leads you, in whose dauntless breast
No coward dread, but hope and valour rest!"
Her shouting host her high behest obey,
And boldly mingle in the deathful fray.

Canto vi.

By Edward's youthful graces won,
Whole thousands to his standard run;
Where'er he turns his radiant eye,
It lights the flame of loyalty;
The monarch's captivating smile
Could thousands from his foe beguile.
His graceful form his armour cased,
Around him was the corslet laced;
His cuisses, greaves, and shield were gold,
While pearls emboss'd the baldric's fold;
His helm reflects a dazzling ray,
And blazing glories round him play.
"And let the Rose of York," he cried,
"Now rear'd aloft in snowy pride,
With crimson blush, ere long, be dyed;
The blush of conquest let it be—
Now fight for York and victory!"

Canto vi.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.